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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE TEMPEST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The wind blows cold and chill,
Clouds drift across the sky,
My heart lies hushed and still,
And night is drawing nigh.

Look not forth from the ark,
Till the waves be withdrawn;
The wind is rising—hark!
The storm is coming on!

Rage higher yet, oh wave!
Beat round our doors, oh wind!
Till in the silent grave
Our souls a refuge find!

Listen! An angel voice
Proclaims the dawn of day.
Thou weary heart, rejoice,
The storm has passed away.

The long and dreary night
Of suffering is o'er;
Dost see the rosy light,
Beaming from yonder shore?

No tempest now we fear;
From yonder glorious sky
Does hope's sweet star appear,
And rest is drawing nigh.

S. J. A.

THE CAMPBELL HOUSE, HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL GILLMORE ON FOLLY ISLAND, CHARLESTON HARBOR, SOUTH CAROLINA.
FROM A SKETCH IN "FRANK LESLIE."

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LII.

SURPRISE FOR GEORGE RYLE.

On the hard flock bed in the lean-to back room at the lodge, he lay. As George Ryle stood there bending over him, he could have touched any part of the walls around; he would have bumped against the ceiling, had he raised his head upright. The explanation of Jim Sanders that it was Ann Canham who brought the note, guided George naturally to the lodge; otherwise he would not have known where to look for him.

One single question to old Canham as he entered—"Is he here?"—and George bounded up the stairs.

Ann Canham, who was standing over the bed—her head just escaped the ceiling—turned to George. Trouble and pain were on her countenance as she spoke to him.

"He is in the delirium now, sir. I was afeard he would be."

George Ryle could make no reply for astonishment. Never had he cast a shade of suspicion to Rupert's being concealed at the lodge.

"Has he been here long?" he whispered.

"All along, sir; since the night he was missed," was the reply of Ann Canham. "After I had got home that night, a quarter of an hour it might be, and I was telling father about Master Rupert's having took the half loaf in his hunger, and what he said, he come knocking at the door to be let in. Chattaway and him had met and quarrelled, he told me, and he was knocked down, and his shoulder was hurt, and he felt tired and sick; and he said he'd stop with us till the morning, and be away afore daylight, so that we should not get into trouble for sheltering of him. With a dreadful deal of pressing, sir, I got him to come up to this here bed, and I lay on the settle down stairs for the night. Afore daylight I was up, and had got the fire alight, and the kettle on, to make him a cup o' tea afore he started, but he did not come down. I come up here and found him ill; his shoulder was stiff and painful, and he was bruised and sore all over, and he thought he couldn't get out o' bed. Well, sir, he stopped, and he have been here ever since getting worse, and me just frightened out of my life, for fear he should be found by Mr. Chattaway or them police, and took off to prison. I was sick for the whole day after, sir, that time that Mr. Bowen called me into his station-house, and set on to question me."

George was occupied, looking at Rupert. There could not be a doubt that he was in a state of semi-delirium; George feared there could not be a doubt that he was in a state of danger. The bed was low and narrow, evidently hard, the flock of the mattress collected into lumps; the bolster small, and almost as low as the bed. Rupert's head lay on it quietly enough; his hair, which had grown very long since his confinement, fell around him in a wavy mass; his cheeks wore the hectic crimson of fever, his blue eyes were unnaturally bright. There was no speculation in those eyes. They were partially closed, and though the entrance of George caused them to be turned to him, there was nothing of recognition in their light. His arms were flung outside the bed, the wristbands pushed up as if from heat.

"I have put him on a shirt o' father's, sir, when his have wanted washing," exclaimed Ann Canham, to whom it was natural to relate minute details. "Things needs to be shifted oftener when one's a-bed nor when one's up."

"How long has he been like this—without consciousness?" inquired George.

"Just about for the last hour, sir. He writ that letter that I brought to you, and when I come back he was like this. Maybe he'll come to himself again presently; he have been as bad as this at times in the last day or two. I'm so afeard of its going on to brain fever. If he should get into a state of raving, we could never keep his being there a secret; she'd be heard outside."

"He ought to have had a doctor to him before this."

"But how is one to be got here?" debated Ann Canham. "Once a doctor knew where Mr. Rupert was, he might be for betraying it—there's the reward, you know, sir. And how could we get a doctor in without its being known at the Hold? What mightn't Chattaway suspect?"

George remained silent, revolving what she said. There were difficulties undoubtedly in the way.

"Nobody knows the trouble I've been in, sir, especially since he got worse. At first, he just lie here quiet, more as if he was glad of the rest, and my chief care was to keep folks as far as I could out o' the lodge, bathe his shoulder, and bring him up a share of our poor meals. But since he got worse, and the fever came upon him, I've been half dazed, wondering what I ought to do. There were two people I thought I might speak to—you, sir, and madam. But Mr. Rupert, he was again it, and father he was dead again it; they were afraid, you see, that if only one was told, it might come to be known that he was here. Father, he's old now, and a'most helpless; he couldn't do a stroke toward getting his own living. If I be out afore daylight at any of my places o' work, it's as much as he can do to open the gate and fasten it back; and he knows that Mr. Chattaway would turn us from this, right off the estate, if it come to be known that we had sheltered Mr. Rupert. But yesterday Mr. Rupert found he was getting worse, and worse, and I said to father what would become of us if he should die, and they both said that you should be told today if he was not better. We did think him a trifle better this morning, but later the fever came on worse, and Mr. Rupert himself said he'd write a word to you, and I found a bit o' paper, and brought him the big Bible and held it afore him in bed that he might lean the letter on while he writes it."

She ceased her account. George, as before, was looking at Rupert; it seemed to Ann Canham that he could not gaze enough, but in truth he was buried in thought; fairly puzzled with the difficulties that encompassed the case.

"Is it anything more than low fever?" he asked.

"I don't think it is, sir, yet. But it may go on to more, you know."

George did know. He knew that assistance was necessary in more ways than one, if that worse contingency was to be avoided. Medical attendance, a more airy room, generous nourishment; and how was it to be accomplished, even one of them, let alone all. The close closet—it could scarcely be called more—had no chimney in it; the air and light could come in only through a small pane ingeniously made to raise at will in the roof. The narrow bed and one chair took up nearly all the space, leaving but little for George and Ann Canham as they stood. George, coming in from the fresh air, felt half stifled, sick with the closeness of the room; and this must be most pernicious for the invalid. It is a merciful decon that these inconveniences are so soothed to those who have to endure them—as most inconveniences and trials of life are. To an outsider they look formidable, unbearable; but to the actual sufferers they are but light. George Ryle felt as if a day in that atmosphere of nausea would half kill him; but Rupert, lying in it always, was sensible of no inconvenience from it. It was not, however, the less injurious to him; and it appeared that there was no remedy; there could be no removal from it.

"What have you given him?" inquired George.

"I made him some herb tea, sir, but it didn't seem to do him good, and then I went over to Barmester to the druggist's and got a bottle o' physic. I had to say it was for father, and the druggist told me I ought to call in a doctor when I described the illness. Coming out of the shop there was Miss Diana's pony carriage at the door, and madam met me and asked me who the physic was for; I never was so took to. And the physic didn't seem to do him good neither."

"I meant as to food," returned George.

"Ah, sir, as to food—what could I give him but our poor fare? milk porridge, and such like. I went up to the Hold one day and begged a basin o' curds-and-whey, and he eat it all and drank up the whey quite greedy; but I didn't dare to go again, for fear of their suspecting something. It's meat and wine that he ought to have had from the first, sir; but we can't get such things as that. Why, sir, I shouldn't dare to be seen cooking a bit o' meat: it would set Mr. Chattaway wondering at once—What's to be done?"

What indeed? There was the question. Idea after idea shot through George Ryle's mind; wild fancies, because under the present fears, impossible to be acted upon. It might be dangerous to call a doctor in. Allowing that he, the man of medicine, proved true, and kept the secret sacred, the very fact of his attendance there would cause a stir at the Hold. Miss Diana would come down, questioning old Canham of his ailments; and she would inevitably find that he was *not* ill enough to require the services of a doctor. A doctor might venture there once: but regularly? George did not see the way by any means clear.

But Rupert must not be left there to die. George took up his delicate hand—and Rupert's hands had always been delicate—and held it as he spoke to him. It was hot; feverod: the dry lips were fevered; the hectic cheeks, the white brow, all were burning with fever. Don't you know me, Rupert?" he bent lower to ask.

The words were so far heard that Rupert moved his head from side to side on the bolster; perhaps the familiar name "Rupert" may have penetrated to some chord of memory; but there was no real recognition, and he began to twitch at the bed-clothes with one of his hands.

George turned away. He went down the nearly upright ladder of a staircase, feeling that little time was to be lost. Old Canham stood in his tottering fashion, leaning upon his crutch, watching the descent.

"What do you think of him, Mr. George?"

"I hardly know what to think, Mark. Or, rather, I know what to think, but I don't know what to do. It seems to me that a doctor must be got here; and without loss of time."

Old Canham—who had sat down, for he was incapable of standing long—lifted his hands with a gesture of deprecating despair.

"Once the secret is give over to a doctor, sir, there's no telling where it 'll travel to, or what 'll be the consequence to us all."

"I think King would be true," said George. "Nay, I feel sure he would be true. The worst is, he's a simple-minded man, and might betray it through sheer inadvertency. I would a great deal rather bring Mr. Benage to him; *I know* we might rely on Benage, and he is a more skillful man than King; but it is not practicable.—To see one of the renowned Barmester surgeons enter the lodge for attendance on you—for that's what it must be put upon, whoever comes—might create a greater commotion at the Hold than would be desirable; they would be for asking what malady Mark was attacked with, to render necessary so out-of-the-way a proceeding; would come flocking, one and all, with their question. No; it must be King."

"Sir, couldn't you go to one o' them, gentlemen yourself and describe what's the matter with Master Rupert, and ask for some med'cine? You needn't say who it is that's ill."

George shook his head.

"It would not do, Mark; the responsibility is too great. Were anything to happen to Rupert—and I believe he is in danger—you and I should alike blame ourselves for not having called in advice to him at all risks. I shall get King here somehow."

He went out as he spoke, partly perhaps to avoid further opposition to what he felt *must* be done. Yet he did not see the besetting difficulties the less, and he halted in thought outside the lodge door.

At that moment, there came in view Maude Trevlyn. She was alone, walking slowly down the avenue. George advanced to meet her; he could not help noticing her heavy step, her pale, weary face.

"Maude, what are you grieving at?"

That she had been grieving, and recently, her eyes betrayed, and the words renewed it. Struggling for a brief moment, and unsuccessfully, with her feelings, she gave way with a burst, and sobbed herself nearly into hysterics.

George was startled. He drew her on the side by the trees.

"Maude, Maude, you will be ill. What is this?"

"Oh, this suspense!—this agony!" she breathed. "Every day, almost every hour, something or other occurs to renew vividly the trouble. If it could but end! George, I cannot bear it much longer. I feel as if I must go off to the end of the world and search for him. If I were but sure he was in life it would be something."

George took rapid counsel with himself. Surely Maude would be safe; surely it would be a charity, nay, a duty to tell her! He drew her hand in his, he bent his face—almost as hectic with excitement as the unhappy Rupert's, hard by, was with fever—near to hers.

"Maude! what will you give me for the news that I have heard? I can impart to you tidings of Rupert. He is not dead. He is not very far away."

For an instant her heart stood still. But George glanced round as with fear, and there was a sadness in his tone.

"He is taken!" she exclaimed, her pulses bounding on.

"No. But care must be observed if we would prevent it. He is, in that sense, at liberty, and very near to us. But it is not all sunshine, Maude; he is exceedingly ill."

"Where is he?" she gasped.

"Will you compose yourself if I take you to him? But we have need of great caution; we must make sure that no prying eyes are spying at us."

Her very agitation proved how great had been the strain upon her nervous system; for a few minutes he thought she would faint, there, leaning against the trees as she stood. "Only take me to him, George," she murmured. "I will bless you forever."

Into the lodge, and up old Canham's narrow and perpendicular staircase he led her. She stepped into the room timidly, not with the eager bound of hope fulfilled, but with slow and hesitating feet, almost as she had once stepped into the presence of the dead, that long ago night at Trevlyn Farm.

CHAPTER LIII.

DANGER.

The residence of the surgeon, Mr. King, was situated on the road to Barbrook, not far from the parsonage. It was a small, square, red brick house, only two stories high, with a great bronze knocker on the door almost as large as the door itself, which was particularly narrow and modest. If you wanted to enter, you could either raise the knocker, which would most likely bring forth Mr. King himself in answer; or you could turn the handle of the door and walk in of your own accord, ignoring ceremony; but ceremony was not much in fashion in that remote locality.

As George Ryle did, and admitted himself into the strip of a passage. On the left was the parlor, quite a fashionable room, with a tiger-skin stretched out by way of hearth-rug; on the left was a small apartment fitted up with bottles and pillboxes, where Mr. King saw his patients. One sat there as George Ryle entered, and the surgeon turned round, pouring some liquid, from what looked like a jelly-glass with a spout, into a half pint green glass bottle.

Now, of all the disagreeable *contretemps* that could have occurred, to meet that particular patient George felt to be about the worst. Ann Canham had not been more confounded at the sight of Policeman Dumps's head over the hedge, than George was at Policeman Dumps himself—for it was no other than that troublesome officer who sat in the patients' chair, the late afternoon's sun streaming on his head. George's active mind hit on a ready excuse for his own visit.

"Is my mother's medicine ready, Mr. King?"

"The medicine ready! Why, I sent it three good hours ago!"

"Did you? I understood them to say—But there's no harm done; I was coming down this way. What a nice warm afternoon it is!" he exclaimed, throwing himself on a chair as if he would take a little rest. "Have you been having a tooth drawn, Dumps?"

"No, sir, but I've got the face-ache awful," was the policeman's reply, who was holding a handkerchief to his right cheek. "It's what they call tic-doloreux, I fancy, for it comes on by fits and starts. I be out of sorts altogether, and I thought I'd ask Dr. King to make up a bottle of physic."

So the physic was for Dumps. Mr. King seemed a long while over it, measuring this liquid, measuring that, shaking it all up together, and gossiping the while. George, in his impatience thought it was never coming to an end. Dumps seemed to be in no hurry to go, Mr. King in no hurry to dismiss him. They talked over half the news of the parish. They spoke of Rupert Trevlyn and his prolonged absence, and Mr. Dumps gave it as his opinion that "if he wasn't hiding somewhere, he were gone for good." Whether Mr. Dumps meant gone into some foreign terrestrial country, or a celestial, he did not particularize. But George liked not the tone given to the words "in hiding;" he fancied it too significant a one.

Utterly out of patience, he rose and left the room, standing outside against the door-post, as if he would watch the passer-by. Perhaps the movement imparted an impetus to Mr. Dumps, for he also rose and took his bottle of medicine from the hands of the surgeon. But he lingered yet; and George thought he *never was* coming forth.

That desirable consummation did arrive at last. The policeman departed, and paced away on his beat with his official tread. George returned in-doors.

"I fancied you were waiting to see me," observed Mr. King. "Is anything the matter?"

"Not with me. I want to put you upon your honor, doctor," continued George, a momentary smile crossing his lips. And it may as well be remarked, for the benefit of hypercritics, that the salutation "doctor" was universally used in Barbrook to Mr. King, as it is in many rural districts to general

possibilities. The poor child is, believing it to be his proper style and title; the rich, from similar motives.

"To put up upon my honor!" echoed the captain, starting at Gerald.

"I want to tell you take a secret; but you must give me your word of honor that you will be a true man, and not betray it. In short, I want to enlist your own sympathies, your kindly nature, heartily in the cause."

"I suppose some of the poor have got into trouble?" cried Mr. King, not very well knowing what to make of the words.

"No," said George. "Let me put a case to you. One who is under the ban of the law and of his fellow-men, whom a word from them could betray to years of punishment—this one is lying in sore need of medical skill; if he cannot obtain it he may soon be past its aid. Will you be the good Samaritan and give it; and keep faithfully the secret?"

Mr. King regarded George attentively, slowly rubbing his bald head: he was a man of six and sixty now. "Are you speaking," he asked, "of Rupert Trevlyn?"

George paused, perhaps rather taken to; but the surgeon's face was a kindly one; its expression benevolent.

"What if I were? Would you be true to him?"

"Yes I would: and I am surprised that you thought it needful to ask. Look here, George, were the greatest criminal on earth lying in sores, and wanting my aid as a doctor, I'd give it and be silent. I go as a healing man; I don't go as a policeman.—Were a doctor, taken to a patient under such circumstances, to betray trust, I should hold him in the same estimation that I should a priest who could divulge the last confession of the dying."

"I felt that we might trust you," said George. "It is Rupert Trevlyn. He took refuge that night at old Canham's, it seems, and has been getting ill ever since, growing worse and worse. But they fear danger now, and thought fit this afternoon to send for me. Rupert scrawled a few lines himself, but before I could get there he was delirious."

"Is it fever?"

"Low fever, Ann Canham says. It may go on to worse, you know, doctor."

Mr. King nodded his head.

"Where can they have concealed him at Canham's? There's no place."

"He's up stairs in a bed-closet. The most stifling hole! I felt ill while I stayed. It is a perplexing, bad affair, altogether," continued George. "That place of itself is enough to kill any one in a fever, and there's no chance of removing him out of it.—There's hardly a chance of getting you in to see him; it must be accomplished in the most cautious manner. Were Chattaway to see you going in, who knows what it might lead to? If he should, by ill luck see you," added George, after a pause, "your visit is to old Canham, remember."

Mr. King gave his head its short, emphatic nod; it was his frequent substitute for an answer.

"Rupert Trevlyn at Canham's!" he exclaimed. "Well, you have surprised me!"

"I cannot tell you how I was surprised," returned George. "But we had better be going; I fear he is in danger."

"Ay. Delirious, you say?"

"I think so. He was quiet, but he evidently did not know me. He did not know Maude; I met her as I was leaving the lodge, and thought it only kind to tell her of the discovery. It has been a most anxious time for her."

"There's another that it's an anxious time for; and that's Madam Chattaway," remarked the surgeon. "I was called in to her a few days ago. But I can do nothing for her: the malady is on the mind. Now I am ready."

He had been putting one or two papers in his pocket, probably containing some cooling powder, or other remedy for Rupert. George walked with him; he wished to go in with him if it could be managed; he was very anxious to hear his opinion of Rupert. They pursued their way unmolested, meeting nobody of more consequence than Mr. Dumps, who appeared to be occupied nursing his cheek.

"So far so good," cried George, as they came in sight of the lodge. "But now comes the tug of war; my walking with you, if seen, is nothing; but to be seen entering the lodge with you might be a great deal. There seems nobody about."

Ah! unlucky chance! By some untoward fatality the master of Trevlyn Hold emerged in sight, coming quickly down the avenue, at the moment that Mr. King had his foot on the lodge steps to enter. George suppressed a groan of irritation.

"There's no help for it, doctor; you must have your wits about you," he whispered. "I shall go straight on as if I had come to pay a visit to the Hold."

Mr. King was not, perhaps, the best of all men to "have his wits about him" on a sudden emergency; and almost as the last breathed word left George's lips, Mr. Chattaway was upon them.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Chattaway. Is Cris at home?"

George had continued his way as he spoke, brushing past Mr. Chattaway without stopping. You know what a very assured is self-confidence. The presence of Chattaway at that ill-omened moment set in motion all inwardly trembling. George, the surgeon, and Canham dame inside, and Ann popping from a corner of the window, felt one and all as if Chattaway must divine some part of the great secret locked within their breasts.

"Cris? I don't think Cris is at home," called out Mr. Chattaway to George. "He went out after dinner."

"I am going to see," replied George, looking back to speak.

The little delay had given the doctor time to collect himself, and he strove to look and speak as much at ease as possible. He stood on the lodge step, waiting to greet Mr. Chattaway. It would never do for him to make believe he was not going into the lodge, as George did, because Mr. Chattaway had seen him step up to it.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Chattaway? Fine weather, this!"

"We shall have a change before long; the glass is shifting. Anybody ill here?"

"Not they, I hope!" returned Mr. King, with a laugh. "I give old Canham a look in now and then, when I am passing and can spare the time, just for a dish of gossip and to ask after his rheumatism. I suppose you thought I had quite forgotten you," he added, turning to the old man, who had risen now and stood leaning on his crutch, looking, if Mr. Chattaway could but have understood it, half frightened to death. "It's a long while since I was here, Mark."

He sat down on the settle as he spoke, as if to intimate that he intended to take the dish of gossip then. Mr. Chattaway—good heavens, can he suspect? thought old Mark—entered the lodge; a thing he did not do once in a year. Conscience does make grievous cowards of us—and it is not obliged to be guilty conscience to do this—and it was rendering Ann Canham as one paralysed. She would have given the whole world to leave the room and go up to Rupert, and guard, so far as her presence might guard, against any noise he might make; but so feared the construction that might be put upon it, the suspicion it might excite. Absurd fears! foolishly self-suggestive. Had Rupert not been there, Ann Canham would have passed in and out of the room unrestrainedly, without fearing its conveying suspicion to Mr. Chattaway.

"Madam Chattaway said you were ill, I remember," said he to Mark Canham. "Fever, I understood. She said something about seeing your fever mixture at the chemist's at Barmester."

Ann Canham turned hot and cold. She did not dare to even glance at her father, still less could she prompt him; but it so happened that she, willing to spare him unnecessary worry, had not mentioned the little episode of meeting Mrs. Chattaway at Barmester. Old Mark was cautious, however.

"Yes, squire. I've had a deal o' fever lately, en and off. Perhaps Doctor King could give me some'at for't, better nor them druggists gives."

"Perhaps I can," said Mr. King. "I'll have a talk with you presently. How is madam to-day, Mr. Chattaway?"

"She's as well as usual, except for grumbling," was the ungracious answer; and the master of Trevlyn Hold, perhaps not finding it particularly lively there, went out as he delivered it, giving a short adieu to Mr. King.

Meanwhile George Ryle reached the Hold. Maude saw his approach from the drawing-room window, and came herself to the hall door and opened it.

"I wish to speak with you," she softly whispered.

He followed her into the room; there was no one in it. Maude closed the door, and spoke in a gentle whisper.

"May I dare to tell Aunt Edith?"

George looked dubious.

"That is a serious question, Maude."

"It would raise her, as may be said, to renewed life," returned Maude, her tone one of impassioned earnestness. "George, if this suspense is to continue, she will sink under it. It was very, very bad for me to bear, and I am young and strong; and I fear ingment gets the dreadful doubt upon her now and then whether—whether—that is not true that was said of Mr. Chattaway; whether Rupert was not killed that night. Oh, George, let me tell her!"

"Maude, I should be as pleased for her to know it as you. My only doubt is, whether she would *dare* to keep the secret from her husband. Rupert being actually within the precincts of the Hold."

"She can be stronger in Rupert's cause than you deem. I am sure that she will be safe as you—as I."

"Then let us tell her, Maude."

Maude's eyes grew bright with satisfaction. Taking all circumstances into view, there was not much cause for congratulation; but compared with what had been, it seemed as joy to Maude, and her heart was light. The young are ever sanguine; illnesses were not a dangerous aspect to them, and this of Rupert's brought to her little fear.

"I shall never repay you, George," she cried, with enthusiasm, lifting her eyes gratefully to his; "I shall never repay you for allowing me to tell thy poor Aunt Edith."

George laughed, and made a sudden prisoner of her.

"I can repay myself now, Maude."

And Mrs. Chattaway was told.

In the dusk of that same evening when the skies were grey to darkness, and the trees on either side the lonely avenue were damp and gloomy, there glided one by them with quick and cautious steps. It was Mrs. Chattaway. A cap, black shawl was thrown over her head and shoulders, and her gown was black; good precautions, rendering her less easy to be observed; and curious eyes might be about. She kept close to the trees as she stole along, ready to conceal herself amidst them, if necessary.

And it was necessary. Surely there was a destiny clinging to that spot this evening, or else Mr. Chattaway was haunting it, perhaps in suspicion. One moment more, and he would have met his wife; but she heard the footsteps in time.

Her heart beating, her hands pressed upon her bosom, her very breath coming in gasps, she waited in her dark hiding-place until he had gone past. She waited until she believed he was in safety in the Hold; and then she went on.

The shutters were closed at the lodge, and Mrs. Chattaway knocked softly at them. Alas! alas! I tell you there was certainly some untoward fate in the ascendant. In the very act of doing so she was surprised by Cris. He was running in at the gate.

"Goodness, mother! who was to know you in that guise? Why what on earth are you shaking at?"

"You have startled me, Cris. I did not know *you*; I thought it some strange man running in upon me."

"What are you doing down here?"

Ah! what was she doing? What was she to say?—what excuse to make? She choked down her throbbing breath, and strove to speak with calm plausibility.

"Poor old Canham has been so poorly, Cris. I must just step in to see him."

Cris tossed his head in scorn. To make friendly visits to sick old men was not in *his* line.

"I'm sure I should not trouble myself about that old Canham if I were you, mother," cried he.

"But I should like to, Cris. I must, as I am here." And Cris, without further remonstrance, walked on. He had not taken many steps, however, when he found his mother's gentle arm laid on his.

"Cris, dear, oblige me by not saying anything of this at home. Your papa has prejudices, you know; he thinks as you do; and perhaps he would be angry with me for coming. But I like to visit those who are ill, to say a kind word to them; perhaps because I am so often ill myself."

"*I* shan't bother myself to say anything about it," was Cris's gracious response. "I'm sure you are welcome to go, mother, if it affords you any pleasure. Ugh! fine fun it must be to sit with that rheumatic old Canham! But as to his being ill, he is not—if you mean worse than usual; I have seen him about to-day."

Cris finally went off, and Mrs. Chattaway returned to the door, which was gingerly opened, about an inch, by Ann Canham.

"Let me in! Let me in!"

She did not wait, she pushed her way in; and Ann Canham, all in a tremor, shut and bolted the door. Ann Canham's tactics were uncertain; she was not aware whether or not it was known to Mrs. Chattaway. That lady's first words enlightened her, spoken as they were in the lowest whisper.

"Is he better to-night? What does Mr. King say?"

Ann Canham lifted her hands in an access of trouble.

"He's not better, madam; he seems worse. And Mr. King said it would be necessary that he should visit him once or twice a day; and how can he dare venture? It passed off very well his saying this afternoon that he just called in in passing to see old father; but he couldn't make that excuse to Mr. Chattaway a second time."

"To Mr. Chattaway!" she quickly repeated. "Did Mr. Chattaway see Mr. King here?"

"Worse luck, and he did, madam. He came in with him."

A fear that almost seemed an ominous one arose to the heart of Mrs. Chattaway.

"If we could but get him from here to a safe distance!" she exclaimed. "There would be less danger then."

"It can't be," returned Ann Canham. "He's too ill to be moved now, madam; and if he were not, he could never be got away without its being known. I fear me he is very ill," she added after a pause. "Dr. King said he must see him again to-night. Do you please to want to go up, madam?"

It was a superfluous question. Mrs. Chattaway was moving to the stairs after exchanging a few words with old Mark, when a gentle knocking was heard at the outer door. Terrified at the consequence should she be seen there, Mrs. Chattaway knew not where to hide herself, Ann Canham hastened to reassure her.

"It's only Dr. King. He said he should be back at dusk. "When you knocked but now, madam, I thought it was him."

She had drawn open the door as she spoke, and Mrs. Chattaway contrived to recognise Mr. King in the obscure light. Fearful of attracting undue attention to the lodge, Ann Canham was observing unusual precautions against it, and for several evenings had lighted no candle, but made shift with what light the fire gave.

"Oh, Mr. King, how thankful I am to you for your kindness!" exclaimed Mrs. Chattaway, taking his hand. "Is he in danger?"

"Well, I hope not; not in actual danger," was the surgeon's answer. "But—you see my presence here are against him."

"Yes," she said, hesitatingly, not precisely understanding what were the circumstances to which he alluded. Mr. King resumed:

"Nothing is more essential in these cases of slow fever than plenty of fresh air, and generous nourishment. The one he cannot get, lying where he does; to obtain the other may be almost as difficult. If these low fevers cannot be checked, they go on very often to—to—"

"To what?" she rejoined, a terrible dread upon her that he meant to say "to death."

"To typhus," quietly remarked the surgeon.

"Oh, but that is dangerous!" she cried, clasping her hands. "*That* sometimes goes on to death."

"Yes," said Mr. King; and it struck her that his tone was a significant one.

"But you must prevent it, doctor—you must prevent it, and save him," she cried; and her imploring accent, her trembling hands, proved to the surgeon how great was her emotion.

He shook his head: the issues of life and death were not in his power.

"My dear lady, I will do what I am enabled to do; more I cannot. We poor human doctors can but work under the hand of God." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broks of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

HOW TO BREAK YOUR NEIGHBOR'S LEG.—If you want to injure some one, eat a banana and throw the skin on the sidewalk. If there is a crowd passing so much the better; you cannot fail to trip up somebody. Do the same with an apple-paring or an orange-peel. If a poor man, who works ten hours a day to support a family of six children, step on it, he will most likely sprain his ankle, if he do no more, and be confined to the house for a month, thereby losing his wages for that time. Peach skins are also efficient weapons against the public safety. If you throw the refuse of your fruit into the gutter that would be an infraction of your privileges as an American citizen; a deprivation not to be borne calmly. It evinces a much greater degree of independence to see a man eat fruit, and throw the stones or skins just where some unfortunate person, perhaps a member of his own family, will tread upon the treacherous thing, and be maimed for life.

Such recklessness is but little short of criminality; and although the press has from time to time inveighed against the practice, it is yet committed far too often. We are now in the season of fruit of all kinds, and let every man take these words as addressed to himself. He will not then be the unintentional cause of suffering to some innocent person.—*Scientific American.*

☞ WOUNDED.—There lately appeared among the inebriates at the court in Brooklyn, N. Y., a soldier named John Hoffman, who had nine bullet wounds, five bowie-knife stabs, and three sabre cuts, all received in the present war. He was with the 13th New York volunteers, and claims to be as good as new.

☞ Seventeen private soldiers of the French army in Bonaparte's time raised themselves by their bravery and talent to the following distinguished stations: Two became kings; two, princes; nine, dukes; two, field marshals; and two, generals.

MEN MONKEYS OF MALACCA:

Their Mode of Life, Marriage, Customs, Etc.

A correspondent writes from Shanghae an interesting account of the Jakoons, a barbarous people who inhabit the interior of Malacca. Their language and features are unlike those of the Malays proper, of whom they are also politically independent. They have no history, having been found by the early Portuguese voyagers in the country in which they still reside. They are called the Orang Benner, or "men of the great country;" the Orang-Hutang, or "men of the forests;" the Orang-Semang, or "black men;" the Jakoons and the Kalats. Oran is the Malay word for man; and Utan or Hutang for forest, whence the word so common with us, Ourang-Outang, or wild men, if men they may be called, when common opinion has assigned them a rank hardly above monkeys and baboons.

They generally live in houses built of bamboo sticks, and suspended to the tops of lofty trees, to which they ascend by rude ladders. These cabins, suspended to the tree tops, are so narrow that a stranger cannot be admitted without annoyance to a member of the family, or his exclusion; for one must go down when a new one comes up. Others who have no tastes for these aerial abodes—nests, not for birds, but for men—construct huts raised two or three feet above the ground. The first story serves for lodging where they eat and sleep, by the side of a fire always kept brightly burning in order to frighten away the tigers and other wild beasts which fill the forests. In the second story they put their arms for safety, their provisions and kitchen utensils, all of which are comprised in pikes, in earthen pots, and one or two great China bowls.

They eat whatever comes to hand, as wild boars, apes, or birds, which last are taken in snares or shot by arrows, and the roots and tubers which the earth produces in abundance. If they plant rice, it is only enough to meet their absolute wants. Instead of regular labor, they prefer the fatiguing adventures of the chase, and running among the woods. Their *cuisine* is of the lowest order, their favorite dish being slices of meat half cooked, and still reeking with blood.

Their weddings are preceded by a most singular and ludicrous ceremony. An old man presents the future husband and wife to a large assemblage of invited guests, whom he conducts, followed by their respective families, into a grand circle, around which the young lady, the bride, sets out running *upon all fours*, and the young man who is the bridegroom in the same style after her. If he succeeds in overtaking her she becomes his wife; if not, he forfeits all his rights, and "love's labor is lost." This often happens when the bridegroom fails of pleasing the young lady, who endeavors to escape from the embraces of a distasteful or odious husband by beating him in this queer trotting match.

Upon the death of one of their number they wrap his body in a white winding sheet, and then deposit it in a grave dug near his hut, sometimes in an erect position, sometimes sitting, and sometimes lying down. They are careful to put a lance at his side, a "parang," and a "sumpitan," their instruments of hunting and of war. These weapons placed by the side of the corpse indicate a shadowy belief in a future existence.

Their religion is a confused mass of the grossest superstitions, propagated by the *payans*, a kind of priests, who are half physicians and half jugglers. Their magical science is in great esteem with the Malays. The singular kind of life they lead, the peculiarity of their custom, and the long intervals of their appearance among the people, secure for them a certain prestige and respect. Seen from afar, and through a mysterious veil, they pass for beings endowed with superhuman power, to whom the plants and roots of the forests have revealed their most secret virtues. In a word, they are believed to hold in their hands the power of conferring health or inflicting death. In accordance with this belief, the Malays are careful not to provoke their ill-will.

Naturally, the Jakoons are of an open and ingenuous disposition, and withal inclined to gayety. To the appearance of timidity they join the independence of a life without control, spent in the midst of thick forests and everlasting verdure. Respectful, without being servile, in conversation they use an abrupt and violent tone of voice, which strongly contrasts with their habitual gentleness and modesty. They have strong liquors, and get intoxicated whenever they have an opportunity.

It is honorable to the zeal of the Catholic priests that they have a missionary, who, notwithstanding the low rank of these people in the scale of humanity, the wide territory over which they are scattered, and the thick forests which it is necessary to penetrate to reach them, and the absence of all roads, while ferocious wild beasts are thick at every step, is laboring among them, and makes his home with them.

Such are the people in whom originated the idea and the stories about the *Ourang-Outang*—"the man of the forests."—*American Phrenological Journal.*

☞ The list of names of rebel prisoners paroled at Vicksburg filled a box about three feet in width and depth!

NICKNAMES.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

The one criticism with which I will conclude, is on the practice of using in genteel society unmeaning and ridiculous familiar nicknames or terms of endearment. A more offensive habit cannot be imagined, or one which more effectually tends to the disparagement of those who indulge in it. I find myself, after the departure of the ladies from the dining-room, sitting next to an agreeable and sensible man. I get into interesting conversation with him. We cast a corner in the drawing-room afterwards and continue it. His age and experience make him a treasure-house of information and practical wisdom. Yet, as talk with the man, infinities begin to appear beyond there, and my respect for my friend suffers diminution. By-and-by a decided weak point is detected: and further on, it becomes evident that in the building up of his mental and personal fabric there is somewhere a loose stratum which will not hold under pressure. At last the servant begins to make those visits to the room, usually occurring about ten o'clock, which begin with gazing about, and result in a rush at some recognised object, with a summons from the coachman below. I am just doubting whether I have not about come to an end of my companion, when a shrill voice from the other side of the room calls out—"Sammy, love!" All is out. He has a wife who does not know better, and he has never taught her better. This is the secret. The skeleton in their cupboard is a child's rattle. A man may as well suck his thumb all his life, as talk, or allow to be talked to him, such drivelling nonsense. It must detract from manliness of character, and from proper self-respect: and is totally inconsistent with the good taste, and consideration, even in the least things, for the feelings of others, which are always present in persons of good breeding and Christian courtesy.—Never let the world look through them chinks into the boudoir. Even thence, if there be real good sense present, all that is childish and ridiculous will be banished; but at all events keep it from the world. It is easy for husband and wife, it is easy for brothers and sisters, to talk to one another as none else could talk, without a word of this minced-up English. One soft tone from lips on which dwells wisdom, is worth all the "loveys" and "dearys" which become the unmeaning expletives of the vulgar.

And, as we have ventured to intrude into the boudoir, let us go one step further up, and peep into the nursery also. And here again I would say, never talk, never allow to be talked, to children, the contemptible nonsense which is so often the staple of nursery conversation. Never allow foolish and unmeaning nicknames to come into use in your family. We all feel, as we read of poor James I., with his "Steenie" for the Duke of Buckingham, and "Baby Charles" for his unfortunate son, that he cannot have been worthy to rule in England. We often find foolish names like these rooted in the practice of a family, and rendering grown-up men and women ridiculous in the eyes of strangers. And mind, in saying this, I have no wish to prescribe all abridgments, or familiar forms of names, for our children, but only those which are unmeaning and absurd. I hold "Charley" to be perfectly legitimate: "Harry" is bound up with the glories of English history: Ned, and Dick, and Tom, and Jack, and Jem, and Bill, though none of them half so nice as the names which they have superceded, are too firmly fixed in English practice and English play, ever to be banished. Kate has almost become a name of itself; few maidens can carry the weight of Eleanor, whereas there never was a lass whom Nelly did not become. The same might be said of Milly and Amelia, and of many others. But the case of every one of such recognised nicknames differs widely from that, where some infantine lisping of a child's own name is adopted as the designation for life: or where a great rifleman with a bushy beard is called to hold his mamma's skein of wool by the astounding title of "Baby."

All perhaps do not know the story of the kind old gentleman and his carriage. He was riding at his ease one very hot day, when he saw a tired nurse-maid toiling along the footpath carrying a great heavy boy.—His heart softened: he stopped his carriage, and offered her a seat: adding, however, this:

"Mind," said he, "the moment you begin to talk nay nonsense to that boy, you leave my carriage."

All went well for some minutes. The good woman was watchful, and hit her lips. But alas! we are all caught tripping sometimes. After a few hundred yards, and a little jogging of the boy on her knee, burst forth,

"George porgy! ride in coachy poachy!"

It was fatal. The check-string was pulled, the steps let down, and the nurse and boy consigned to the dusty footpath as before.

This story is true. The person mainly concerned in it was a well known philanthropic baronet of the last generation, and my informant was personally acquainted with him.

☞ A FACT FOR RIOTERS.—The Cap of Liberty is not a mob cap. Whosoever the cap fits, let him wear it.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH, 1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

We have received from an Associate Manager a letter so full of interest, that we cannot refrain from making a few quotations. To the untiring zeal of some of our Associate Managers we are largely indebted.

"I ought to write you a Report, but scarcely know how to find five minutes. I can certainly tell you that for the past four weeks there has been no lack of interest in the cause of the Union, or her sick and suffering soldiers. At the call of the Government and the voice of Providence, we sent out between 200 and 300 volunteers. We women prepared their outfit. Flannel shirts, socks and havresacks were provided for every man. Closed stores, business everywhere suspended, told of the public interest in State defence. Though our box, ready to send, was thus emptied for home use, we met frequently, making hospital shirts, &c. We have sent four boxes the past fortnight —two of hospital delicacies and two of clothing. Besides these, a private box to Gettysburg, where Mrs. Harris is staying. What we can do is all too little for the brave men who have stood between us and our destruction. I believe that we all feel that it is the highest privilege to minister to them: and for my part, it is with the greatest difficulty I can feel any interest in other work; and we are learning how much less we can get along with as a family.

"Our friends here have suffered greatly in the Gettysburg battle. Among our losses there was one brave boy, who was 'the only son of his mother, and she a widow.' He was every inch a soldier and every inch a Christian. When first wounded in the arm, he refused to quit the field—then his horse was killed under him, and he fought on foot —he was wounded in the leg, and finally in the stomach, and fell to rise no more. We suffer with our friends, though our hearts grow stronger in the justice of our cause.—Has not God wonderfully appeared in our behalf? and though the heathen mob rage, and the people imagine a vain thing, the Lord says, 'Yet have I set my King upon the holy hill of Zion;' Jesus reigns, this iniquity shall not triumph. The riot in New York is only more bitter fruit from the same tree of rebellion against rightful authority. It is a birthtime for our country, and there are many pangs to endure: but although our souls are often 'exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death,' we shall yet see the salvation of this people."

We often receive letters inquiring as to the best mode of packing pickles to send for the use of our soldiers. By far the best method is to put them up in kegs or firkins. The Soldiers' Aid Society of Montrose pursues a plan which is worthy of general adoption. They keep an open firkin or cask constantly on hand, into which they empty all their small contributions of pickles; the mixing of different kinds is a matter of small consequence. When the cask is full it is headed up, and forwarded to the Sanitary Commission.

We give a couple of good recipes:

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.

To 2 quarts of blackberry juice add a pound and a half of white sugar, half an ounce of cinnamon, half an ounce of nutmeg, a quarter of an ounce of cloves, 1 ditto of allspice, boil all together for a short time, and when cold, add 1 pint of brandy or good Monongahela whiskey.

We are indebted to Miss B——, of Montrose, for the following:

Apple leather is made by preparing green apples as for stewing. Stew them a little while, adding sugar or not, according to taste. Then spread it out thin on tins, and place it in a slow oven to dry, occasionally turning it. A good article for alleviating thirst.

Our contributors will confer a great favor upon us, and do a matter of simple justice to themselves, by using especial care in marking their boxes. *Our* address should be legibly marked outside the box; also in one corner the name of the place from which it comes. Inside each box should be placed a written list of contents, headed by the name of the society or donor sending it. A duplicate list of contents of each box should *always be forwarded by mail*. Sometimes it is impossible to identify boxes, owing to a neglect of these simple precautions. This is equally annoying to our contributors and ourselves.

The following is a letter from the Agent of the Christian Commission to Dr. J. S. Newberry, Western Secretary of the United States Sanitary Commission:—

U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION, BRANCH OFFICE, NASHVILLE, TENN., July 23d, 1863.

Dr. J. S. Newberry, Secretary Western Department United States Sanitary Commission.

MY DEAR SIR—I desire on behalf of the Christian Commission to render grateful acknowledgments for the uniform generous and cordial co-operation of yourself and the agents of your Commission, in our work of bringing spiritual comforts and blessings to the soldiers. But for your assistance at the first, and its continuance all along, our work would have been greatly impeded in the camp of the Cumberland.

Also, in my recent trip to Vicksburg, in the service of the Christian Commission, I was, at all points, kindly received and materially aided by the Sanitary Commission.

My own feelings that the work of both Commissions, though wrought in different departments, should be entirely co-operative, were fully reciprocated by your agents at Cairo, Memphis, and on the Barge on Yazoo River.

My observation of your work on that Barge was very pleasant. I saw stores dispensed to needy applicants most freely and in surprising quantity and variety, and when I got back on the bluffs, where the sick and wounded were coming into the Division Hospitals, I found bedding with your mark, and dried and canned fruit, and lemons and chickens, which could have been furnished from no other source. I know that without the timely help of the Sanitary Commission, there would have been destitution and consequent suffering in many of these hospitals.

I want to bear testimony to the noble, Christian disinterestedness of the men in charge of your Commission in that Department. I am persuaded that they could not do that work from unworthy motives. Money cannot procure such services as you are receiving, for instance, from Dr. Warriner at Vicksburg.

Every week's experience in my army work, bringing me among the camps and through the hospitals, and giving an opportunity, which I always improve, to look in at the different quarters of your Commission, leads me to a continually higher estimate of the good you have on hand. I am satisfied that your system of distributing hospital stores is the correct one. Such large contributions as the people are making, cannot be handed over to the army on any volunteer system, unless it be for a few days, amid the emergencies of a severe battle. A business involving such expenditures, would be entrusted by a business man, only to permanent and responsible agents.

That among all your employees, there should be no unworthy man, is more than a reasonable mind can ask. The Christian Commission and the Christian Church would go down under that test.

Let me close this letter of thanks, my dear brother, with my daily prayer—a prayer which I *learned* in your "Soldiers' Home," at Louisville, and have often repeated since in the "Soldiers' Rest," at Memphis, on the "Barge," in Yazoo River, in the Division Hospitals under the guns of Vicksburg, in the Nashville "Home" and Storeroom, and in the camps and hospitals at Murfreesboro" —a prayer fresh on my lips, as I have just come from seeing wounded and typhoid patients, at Tullahoma and Winchester, lifted from rough blankets, and undressed from the soiled clothes of march and battle, and laid in your clean sheets and shirts, upon your comfortable quilts and pillows—a prayer in which every Christian heart in the land will yet join; "God bless the Sanitary Commission."

Most cordially yours,
EDWARD P. SMITH.
Field Agent U. S. Christian Commission.

The following named articles are now urgently needed:

Shirts and drawers are always wanted. The material may now be light cotton, bleached or unbleached. Please have each garment washed and ironed before sending. Sheets, quilts, towels, handkerchiefs.

There is now an urgent call for old cotton and linen pieces. Will you not look again through your store closets and give out all that have accumulated since our last call? It is a humble demand to make upon you, but all important to the wounded man. Pieces of any size and shape will do, only let them be clean, soft and smooth. Please gather up and send us immediately all that you can.

Palm leaf fans, books and late pamphlets.

Vegetables, butter, eggs, pickles and dried fruits, are the most needed edibles for sending to hospitals at this time. All articles of diet, for the sick, are welcome at our rooms.

Please remember the sick soldier when you are putting up fruits for family use. A few cans of fruit, or a package of dried fruit from each housewife would keep our hospitals well supplied with delicacies so welcome to the fickle appetite of the convalescent soldier. Domestic wines and cordials, raspberry and currant shrub, tamarind water and other cooling drinks are very grateful to the hospital patient.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION AT FORT WAGNER.

We find the following in the Port Royal Free South of the 25th inst.:—

"The officers of the United States Sanitary Commission have won for themselves a splendid reputation in this department. They have by their discretion and zeal saved many valuable lives. Under the guns of Wagner, in the hottest of the fire, their trained corps picked up and carried off the wounded almost as they fell. As many of our men were struck while ascending the parapet and then rolled into the moat, which at high tide contains six feet of water, they must inevitably have perished had they been suffered to remain. But the men who were detailed for service with Dr. Marsh went about their work with intrepidity and coolness worthy of all praise. The skill and experience of the members of the Commission has, since the battle, been unremittingly employed to render comfortable the sick and wounded.

DONATIONS.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

1 pkg., Christ Church, Phila., July 17th.
2 pkgs., ladies of Roxborough St. Timothy's Church, Mrs. D. F. Kieg, July 17th.
2 pkgs., Ladies' Aid, Roxborough, Mrs. A. L. Jones, July 17th.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Millintown, Mrs. M. W. Abraham.
Omissions from previous lists.

1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Altoona, Blair county.
1 box, Junior Army Aid Society, Norristown, Montgomery county.
2 boxes, Soldiers' Aid, Wrightstown, Bucks county.
1 box, Ladies' Soldiers' Relief, Mauch Chunk, Carbon county.
2 boxes, 1 barrel, Soldiers' Aid, Harford, Susquehanna county.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid Society, Stroudsburg, Monroe county.
1 pkg., four little girls (Mary, Annie, Libbie and Hattie).
1 pkg., Mrs. Hunting.
1 pkg., Miss Smith.
1 pkg., Holy Trinity Aid.
3 pkgs., Ladies' Auxiliary, St. Mark's Lutheran Church.
1 box, St. Clair, Schuylkill county.
1 box, Union Relief Society, Norristown.
1 barrel, unknown.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Altoona, Blair county.
3 barrels, No. 35 and 37 Keg 25 Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Susquehanna county.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Auburn, Schuylkill co.
1 pkg., a friend of the soldiers.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Chatham Valley, Tioga county.
1 box, Aid Society, Charleston.
1 barrel, Soldiers' Aid, Burlington, N. J.
1 pkg., Miss Hannah Earp, 1107 Chestnut st.
1 pkg., Mrs. Shea Barton.
2 boxes, Ladies' Soldiers' Aid, Carbondale.
2 boxes, Aid Society, Lebanon.
1 box, Colebrookdale Works.
1 box, Montrose, Susquehanna county.
1 box, No. 6, Soldiers' Aid, Mansfield, Tioga county.
2 pkgs., Christ Church, Phila.
1 pkg., Wm. Hamilton, of Franklin Institute, Phila.
1 barrel, Aid Society, Little Meadows, Susquehanna county.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Altoona, Blair county.
2 pkgs., St. Paul's Church, Chestnut Hill.
1 box raspberry vinegar, unknown.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Mullica Hill, N. J.
1 box, Montrose, Susquehanna county.
1 barrel, Ladies' Aid, Attleboro, Bucks co.
1 keg, Selinsgrove, Snyder county.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid Society, Byberry.
1 box, Relief Circle, Charleston, Tioga co.
1 box, Lutheran Church, Manayunk.
3 boxes, Northumberland.
1 pkg., Mrs. Geo. T. Lewis.
1 pkg., N. W. Soldiers' Aid Society.
1 pkg., Miss Bradford.
1 pkg., Auxiliary Aid, St. Luke's Church, Phila.
3 pkgs., School Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner Johnson.
1 pkg., Women's Contributing Aid, Moyamensing.
1 box, Mrs. A. A. C. and friend, Danville, Pa.
1 can, Aid Society, Lebanon.

☞ "GOOD LIQUOR" AT TROY.—In a suit recently brought before a Justice's Court in Troy, involving the matter of liquor, the defendant put in the following plea:

"And the defendant further answering, says, that the liquor, plaintiff seeks to recover for, was nothing more than twenty-two cent whiskey, colored with logwood, tan-bark, tincture of bedbugs, old boot-legs, and copperas; that he sold this vile stuff at retail to his customers; so that they died—to his damage two hundred dollars."

☞ It is said that one of our young women, whose betrothed lover is in the army, went almost into convulsions at his perfidy, on hearing of his having an *engagement* in Mississippi.

☞ FORGETTING HIS ERRAND.—A person came to Mr. Langdon, of Sheffield, one day, and said: "I have something against you, and I come to tell you of it." "Do walk in, sir," he replied; "you are my best friend. If I could but engage my friends to be faithful with me, I should be sure to prosper. But, if you please, we will both pray in the first place, and ask the blessing of God upon our interview." After they rose from their knees, and had been much blessed together, he said: "Now I will thank, you, my brother, to tell me what you have against me." "Oh," said the man, "I don't know what it is; it is all gone, and I believe I was in the wrong."

☞ ARMY MOVEMENTS.—The "changes of base" of the "Army of the Potomac" and of the rebel "Army of Virginia," during the past two years, remind one of the Southern campaign of 1791, as described in a song which was popular at the close of the Revolutionary war:

"Cornwallis led a country dance,
The like was never seen, sir;
Much retrograde, and much advance,
And all with General Greene, sir.
They rambled up and rambled down,
Joined hands, and off they ran, sir;
Our General Greene to old Charlestown,
And the Earl to Wilmington, sir."

☞ SOMETHING TO START WITH.—A lady teacher of the slaves at Beaufort, S. C., tells the following little story:—"An old African, eighty years old, was among her most assiduous and earnest pupils. She said to him one day: 'Uncle, what is there in your trying to learn to read at your age? You can't have much more time to stay in this world.' 'Wall, Missis,' replied he, 'I will be so much clare gain to gib me a start in de nex world.'"

☞ To his legs—his two *oldest and best friends*—was dedicated "An Ode," written by a Professor of the college at Edinburgh, when eighty years of age. In this ode, the veteran renewed his adhesion to his tried friends, and declared his intention to stick to them as long as they would stick to him!

☞ Over 1,300 tons of iron, in the shape of shot and shells, were fired into Vicksburg during the siege.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize;
The sodger's wealth his honor;
The brave, poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay,
In the day and hour o' danger.

—*Burns.*

☞ Short dresses are said to be coming into fashion, and next winter nothing else will be seen in the *grand salons* of Paris—Tais is sensible.

☞ "Your wife's fat, but she's not handsome, Smith." "Well, Jones, that's expressing your opinion plump and plain, anyhow." "You're right, Smith, that's exactly my notion, she's *very plump* and *very plain*."

THE HABILIMENTS OF GRIEF.

From a Commercial Point of View.

On the occasion of a recent visit to London, whilst I was debating with myself over the breakfast things as to how I should spend the day, I received by the post a letter deeply bordered with black, evidently a messenger of affliction. I tore the white weeping willow upon a black background which formed the device upon the seal, and read the contents. It proved to be an intimation from a relative of the sudden death of her brother-in-law, and a request that, under the circumstances of the sudden bereavement of the widow, I should undertake certain sad commissions relative to the articles of mourning required by the family.

I at once set out upon my sad errand. I had no difficulty in finding the *maison de deuil* to which I had been referred. It met me in the sad habiliments of woe; no vulgar colors glared from the shop windows, no gilding amazed with its festive brightness. The name of the firm scarce presumed to make itself seen in letters of the saddest gray upon a black ground. Here and there beds of white set off the general gloom of the house front, like the crape piping of a widow's cap. The very metal window frames and plates had gone into a decorous mourning—one taking the place of what we feel, under the circumstances, would have been quite out of character—brass.

On my pushing the plate glass door, it gave way with a hushed and muffled sound, and I was met by a gentleman of sad expression, who, in the most sympathetic voice, inquired the nature of my want, and, on my explaining myself, directed me to the Inconsolable Grief Department. The interior of the establishment answered exactly to the appearance without. The long passage I had to traverse was panelled in white black borderings, like so many mourning cards placed on end; and I was rapidly becoming impressed with the deep solemnity of the place, when I caught sight of a neat little figure rolling up some ribbon, who, on my inquiring if I had arrived at the Inconsolable Grief Department, replied almost in a tone of gayety, that that was the half-mourning counter, and that I must proceed further on until I had passed the repository for widow's silk. Following her directions, I at last reached my destination —a large room draped in black, with a hushed atmosphere about it as though somebody was lying invisibly there in state.

An attendant in sable habiliments, picked out with the inevitable white tie, and with an undertakerish eye and manner, awaited my commands. I produced my written directions. Scanning it critically, he said:

"Permit me to inquire, sir, if *it* is a deceased partner?"

I nodded assent.

"We take the liberty of asking this distressing question," he continued, "as we are extremely anxious to keep up the character of our establishment by matching, as it were, the exact shade of affliction. Our paramatta and crapes give satisfaction to the deepest wo. Permit me to show you a new texture of surprising beauty and elegance, manufactured specially for this house, and which we call the *inconsolable*. Quite a novelty in the trade, I do assure you, sir."

With this he placed a pasteboard box before me full of mourning fabrics.

"Is this it?" I inquired, lifting a lugubrious piece of drapery.

"Oh, no!" he replied; "the one you have in your hand was manufactured for last year's affliction, and was termed, "The Stunning Blow Shade." It makes up well, however, with our *sudden bereavement* silk —a leading article—and our *distraction* trimmings."

"I fear," said I, "my commission says nothing about these novelties."

"Ladies in the country," he blandly replied, "don't know of the perfection to which the art of mourning genteelly has been brought! But I will see that your commission is attended to to the letter." Giving another glance over the list, he observed, "Oh! I perceive a widow's cap is mentioned here. I must trouble you, sir, to proceed to the Weeds Department for that article—the first turning to the left."

Proceeding, as directed, I came to a recess fitted up with a solid phalanx of widow's caps. I perceived at a glance that they exhausted the whole gamut of grief, from the deepest shade to that tone which is expressive of a pleasing melancholy. The foremost row confronted me with the sad liveries of crapon folds, whilst those behind gradually faded off into light, ethereal tarleton, and one or two of the outsiders were even breaking out into worldly features and flaunting weepers. Forgetting the proprieties of the moment, I inquired of the grave attendant if one of the latter would be suitable.

"Oh! no, sir," she replied, with a slight shade of severity in the tone of her voice; "you may gradually work up to that in a year or two. But any of these"—pointing to the first row of widows' weeds—"are suitable for the first burst of grief."

Acquiescing in the propriety of this sliding scale of sorrow, I selected some weeds expressive of the deepest dejection I could find, and, having completed my commission, inquired where I could procure for myself some lavender gloves.

"Oh! for those things, sir," she said, in the voice of Tragedy speaking to Comedy, "you must turn to your right, and you will come to the Complimentary Mourning counter."

Turning to the right accordingly, I was surprised, and not a little shocked, to find myself among worldly colors. Tender lavender, I had expected; but violet, mauve, and even absolute red, stared me in the face. Thinking I had made a mistake, I was about to retire, when a young lady, in a cheerful tone of voice, inquired if I wanted anything in her department.

"I was looking for the Complimentary Mourning counter," I replied, "for some gloves; but I fear I am wrong."

"You are quite right, sir," she observed. This is it." She saw my eye glance at the cheerful colored silks, and with the instinctive tact of a woman guessed my thoughts in a moment.

"Mauve, sir, is very appropriate for the lighter sorrows."

"But absolute red!" I retorted, pointing to some velvet of that color.

"Is quite admissible when you mourn the departure of a distant relative. But allow me to show you some gloves!" and, suiting the action to the word, she lifted the cover from a tasteful glove box, and displayed a perfect picture of delicate half-tones, indicative of a struggle between the cheerful and the sad.

"There is a pleasing melancholy in this shade of gray," she remarked, indenting slightly each outer knuckle with the soft elastic kid as she measured my hand.

"Can you find lavender?"

"Oh, yes! but the sorrow that is very slight in that; however, it wears admirably."

Thus, by degrees, the grief of the establishment died out in tenderest lavender, and I took my departure deeply impressed with the charming improvements which Parisian taste has effected in the plain, old-fashioned style of English mourning.

THE MODERN ULYSSES.

BY E. H. JAMESON.

Ulysses of old,
In story we're told,
Was a handsome young hero, exceedingly bold,
Who entered a cave, so brave and defiant,
And poked out the eye of a terrible giant.

'Twas a beautiful trick,
And accomplished so quick,
That all the old Cyclops thought him "a brick."
His boldness and dash so excited their wonder,
That the pilfering fellows were obliged to knock under.

So our Ulysses,
Who never misses,
Walked up to Tresson's yawning abysses,
And ere the monster had time to fly out,
With a dexterous blow he punches his eye out.

And still undaunted,
Ulysses wanted
The chivalrous Cyclops' city—'twas *Granted*.
Their power was gone, they couldn't defend her,
And so the poor giants had to surrender.

In future story,
When deeds of glory
Are told of war so dreadful and gory—
Let it be recorded when Tresson is dead,
"Ulysses made a hole through his head."

☞ PATRIOTIC.—A street conversation overheard by our reporter:—

D——. "Good-morning, G——. Ready for the draft?"

G——. "Ready! If my distracted country needs me—if she requires the sacrifice of my life—if the tottering edifice of our glorious Union needs to be cemented with my heart's blood—if it is necessary for her preservation that she strides onward to victory over my dead body, then, sir, the victim is ready! With a heart prepared for any fate, and with a firm trust in Divine Providence, I shall, with a lively feeling of doing my duty, and nothing but my duty, march boldly on—to the Collector's office, and pay my three hundred dollars."—*Haverhill Gazette.*

☞ AN ARAB CUSTOM.—Above all, success, glory, and plunder, await the *gouns* (party) that, when starting on an expedition, is met by a beautiful young and noble maiden, who will uncover her bosom and show one of her breasts. It is the custom; and if the damsel were to refuse this blessing to the warriors of her tribe, they would dismount to compel her, were she the daughter of the chief and though he were himself at the head of the *gouns*—all the better, indeed, if her birth were so exalted, for the nobler the damsel, the happier the augury.—*The Horses of the Sahara.*

☞ A DISCOVERY.—A discovery, it is said, has been made in Russia, whereby the mercury used in the manufacture of looking glasses may be so hardened as to bid defiance to humidity, friction, or blows. The plate-glass thus prepared may be transported without fear of damage; and, the silvering being accomplished by a cheaper process than any yet known, the glass is ten or twenty per cent. cheaper than at present.

☞ "What sort of a table to they keep at your boarding-house?" said Jim to his chum, Dick. "What sort of a table, Jim? why, unpala-table."

LATEST NEWS.

WASHINGTON, August 16.—Information received from the Army of the Potomac says there is no change in the relative positions of the two armies, so far as can be at present ascertained; but there are strong suspicions that the rebels are preparing to attempt a flank movement on our left.

A brig which arrived at Boston this morning, reports that on the 7th of August, when off the Grand Banks, she was boarded by the privateer Alabama, which was then 150 miles East of Halifax. It is reported that there has been an engagement between the Alabama and the Kearsarge.

Coffee, commencing with a fleet of eighteen vessels, sailed on Friday, and the remainder of the fleet, consisting of twenty-two vessels, by Col. Chatterton, on Saturday, with several thousand troops.

CHICAGO, Aug. 16.—A despatch received from St. Paul says that the Indians have burned three more trains of provisions on the Red River. Our loss was only seven. Gen. Sibley has taken decisive measures to suppress the hostile Indians.

A PARADOX.

"Too much drinking has caused me pain;
I'll never roost on a glass again."
He kept his word and never lied,
And yet he drinketh now and dead.
"How did he do it?" Ode inside;
Why, he shut his eyes when he took a drink.

☞ The Hartford Courant has a subscriber who has taken that paper for sixty-four years. He is ninety-two years old, and probably will never die, so long as he continues to pay for his paper regularly. Go thou and do likewise.

☞ Some people are always boasting of themselves—of their own labors and successes, but the spoke that bears the heaviest burden seldom creaks.

☞ A writer thus estimates the expenses of a five-months' visit to the Old World:—A first class passage from America to Liverpool, costs $80; the passage back by the same line, $70; travelling and board in England and France, $113.46; the tour on the Continent, $106.13; fees and fares to waiters, hacks, etc., $18.46; thus making the total amount of $400 for five months.

☞ A company of young ladies lately discussed this question—"What is the great duty of man?" One of them, dressed a la mode from head to foot, contended that it was to pay dry goods bills. This was agreed to without a dissenting voice.

☞ The great law of nature, "Eat and be eaten." The spawn-eater swallows the worm, the shark swallows the spawn-eater; the hawk pounces on the chicken, the eagle on the hawk, the sportsman on the eagle; rogues feed on honest men, pettifoggers on rogues, and Satan on pettifoggers. Queer arrangement, this.

☞ "Ma," said a five-year-old young lady to her mother, the other day, "do they make men the same as they do stockings?" "How absurd you are, Jane—of course not." "Then what made you say this morning, ma, that Major Spanker was a remarkably *well knit* man?"

☞ Steam was, till the other day, a devil that we dreaded. Every pot made by human potter or brazier had a hole in its cover to let off the enemy. But the Marquis of Worcester, Watt and Fulton, bethought themselves that where was power was not devil, but God; that it must be availed of, and not by any means let off and wasted.

☞ The English do not like our Navy's plan of sinking blockade runners. It shocks their notions of humanity! Blowing sepoys from the muzzles of cannon does not.

☞ The difference between rising at 5 and 7 o'clock in the morning, for the space of 40 years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same time at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of 10 years to a man's life. Provided a man does not die any sooner for depriving himself of necessary sleep, or by spending his extra time in smoking and drinking.

☞ Geologists who are familiar with the idea of geological phenomena worked out through periods of inconceivable duration will, perhaps, be able to appreciate Mr. E. H. Hunt's argument on the growth and chronology of the great Florida reef. After stating the dimensions of the reef, Mr. Hunt proceeds: "Taking the rate at twenty-four years to the foot, we shall have for the total time $24 \times 250 \times 900$, on the data as stated; or, we find the total period of 5,400,000 years as that required for the growth of the entire coral limestone formation of Florida."

☞ Sir James Graham's father was full of anecdotes of that sociable divine, Archdeacon Paley, and loved to tell how some one, praising the conjugal peace enjoyed by a gentleman in the neighborhood, who had not had even an argument with his wife for more than thirty years, appealed to Paley whether it were not admirable as a domestic example. "No doubt," said the doctor, "it was verra praiseworthy, but it must have been verra *dool*."

☞ The Phrenological Journal says the organs of the brain conform to the pressure of the spirit, mind or opinions we may entertain. The organs grow by what we feed upon. Let a person be kept in anger much of the time, and more blood will be sent to combativeness, destructiveness, &c. Thus it is that our opinions or state of mind affect our bodies, brains, and features.

☞ A little girl of three years was saying her prayers not long since, when her little brother, about four years old, came slyly behind and pulled her hair. Without moving her head she paused and said: "Please, Lord, excuse me a minute while I kick Herby."

THE SOLDIER'S STORY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Antietam's fight had ceased at night;
We saved a flock that day—
From Maryland, our Maryland,
We hunted their coats of gray.

Unhorsed I stood from field of blood,
When evening's drum-beat rang;
But at my side a form of pride
No longer marched and sang.

The gallant heart to whom no part
In face of danger were,
Who sought the strife like fuller life,
Who loved the battle's roar;

No longer sprang our ranks among,
With dauntless eye and tone,
Kindling in each with fiery speech,
A manhood like his own.

At burst of morn, all pierced and torn
By murderous steel and shell,
Death pale but weird, we found the form
Of him we loved so well.

All pallid now the grand white brow,
The gay cheek's ruddy dye;
But flashed forth still the peerless will
From the undaunted eye.

"Comrades," he said, "this night the dead
Their ranks shall form with me;
Above this sphere, in heights more clear,
We 'll form our company.

"Who fall in strife, their country's life,
Freedom and Man to save,
Such spirits high can never die,
Nor rot within the grave.

"Then mourn ye not their glorious lot
Who, losing all, all find;
I rather mourn their fate forlorn,
We leave this day behind.

"Ah, those we leave! what souls will grieve
This hour's red record o'er,—
What anxious starts, what quaking hearts,
When a knock comes at the door!

"My father! tell him that I fell,
As he would wish me die,
My wounds in front, in the battle's brunt,
With my face turned to the sky.

"My mother! say—all gently, pray;
Some cords are hard to untwine—
That I bless her now for her loving brow,
And her patience half divine.

"If now I stand with Death's cold hand
In mine, and feel no fears,
It is that He has made me free
Who heeds a mother's tears.

"One message more—comrade, bend lower;
It is not shame, but pride—
This very year, at Christmas dear,
I should have claimed a bride.

"And on my breast, in golden nest,
All radiant you may see,
The sunny hair of one who ne'er
Thought aught but good of me.

"Tell her we part, oh, faithful heart,
A few short years—no more;
Her victory won, her voyage done,
I'll meet her on the shore.

"Upon my breast that golden nest
Leave with its sunny hair,
Perchance 't will warm this mangled form,
Shut out from light and air.

"Mother! home! heaven! Hark—I come!"
The gallant soul had fled.
Our colors proud made fitting shroud—
The blue and white and red!

We dug his grave as suits the brave,
Beneath the battle's sod;
But well I know his soul did go
That moment straight to God.

H. P.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LAUNCELOT'S COUNSELLOR.

Mr. Darrell, and his friend the commercial traveller, did not linger long at the garden gate. There was nothing very cordial or conciliatory in Gilbert Monckton's manner, and he had evidently no wish to cultivate any intimate relations with Monsieur Victor Bourdon.

Nor was Launcelot Darrell by any means anxious that his companion should be invited to stop at Tolldale. He had brought the Frenchman to the Priory, but he had only done so because Monsieur Bourdon was one of those pertinacious gentlemen not easily to be shaken off by the victims who are so unfortunate as to have fallen into their power.

"Well," said the artist, as the two men walked away from the Priory in the murky dusk, "what do you think of her?"

"Of which *her*? *La belle future*, or the other?"

"What do you think of Mrs. Monckton? I don't want your opinion of my future wife, thank you."

Monsieur Bourdon looked at his companion with a smile that was half a sneer.

"He is so proud, this dear Monsieur Launcelot Darrell," he said. "You ask of me what I think of Mrs. Monck-o-tonne," he continued in English; "shall I tell you what I think without reserve?"

"Yes, of course."

"I think then that she is a woman of a thousand—in all that there is of resolute—in all that there is of inquisitive—in all that there is of daring—a woman unapproachable, unscrupulable; beautiful to damn the angels! If in the little business that we come to talk about lately, this woman is to be in the way; I say to you, my friend, beware! If there is to be any contest between you and her, beware!"

"Pray don't go into heroics, Bourdon," answered Launcelot Darrell, with evident displeasure. Vanity was one of the artist's strongest vices; and he writhed at the notion of being considered inferior to any one, above all, to a woman. "I know Mrs. Monckton, and I know that she was a clever, high-spirited girl, before to-day. I don't want you to tell me that. As to any contest between her and me, there's no chance of that arising. *She* doesn't stand in my way."

"And you refuse to tell your devoted friend the name of the person who does stand in your way?" murmured Monsieur Bourdon, in his most insinuating tones.

"Because that information cannot be of the least consequence to my devoted friend," answered Launcelot Darrell, coolly. "If my devoted friend has helped me, he will expect to be paid for his help, I dare say."

"But, certainly!" cried the Frenchman, with an air of candor; "you will recompense me for my services if we are successful; and above all for the suggestion which first put into your head the idea—"

"The suggestion which prompted me to the commission of a—"

"Husk, my friend, even the trees in this wood may have ears."

"Yes, Bourdon," continued Launcelot, bitterly, "I have good reason to thank you, and to reward you. From the hour in which we first met, until now, you have contrived to do me some noble services."

Monsieur Bourdon laughed a dry, mocking laugh, which had something of the diabolically grotesque in its sound.

"Ah, what a noble creation of the poet's mind is Faust!" he exclaimed; "that excellent, that amiable hero; who would never, of his own will, do any harm; but who is always led into the commission of all manner of wickedness by Mephistopheles. And then, when this noble but unhappy man is stooped to the very lips in sin, he can turn upon that wicked counsellor and say, 'Demon, it is for your pleasure these crimes have been committed!' Of course he forgets, this impulsive Faust, that it was he, and not Mephistopheles, who was in love with poor Gretchen!"

"Don't be a fool, Bourdon," muttered the artist, impatiently. "You know what I mean. When I started in life I was too proud to commit a dishonorable action. It is you, and such as you, who have made me what I am."

"Bah!" exclaimed the Frenchman, snapping his fingers with a gesture of unutterable contempt. "You asked me just now to spare you my heroics; I say the same thing now to you. Do not let us talk to each other like the personages of a drama at the Ambigu. It is your necessities that have made you what you are, and that will keep you what you are so long as they exist and are strong enough to push you to disagreeable courses. Who says it is pleasant to go out of the straight line? Not I Monsieur Lance! Believe me, it is more pleasant, as well as more proper, to be virtuous than to be wicked. Give me an annuity of a few thousand francs, and I will be the most honorable of men. You are afraid of the work that lies before you, because it is difficult, because it is dangerous; but not because it is dishonorable. Let us speak frankly, and call things by their right names. You want to inherit this old man's fortune."

"Yes," answered Launcelot Darrell. "I have been taught from my babyhood to expect it. I have a right to expect it."

"Precisely; and you don't want this other person, whose name you won't tell me, to get it."

"No."

"Very well, then. Do not let us have any further dispute about the matter. Do not abuse poor Mephistopheles because he has shown the desire to help you to gain your own ends; and has already by decision and promptitude of action achieved that which you would never have effected by yourself alone. Tell Mephistopheles to go about his business, and he will go. But he will not stay to be made a—what you call—an animal which is turn out into the wilderness with other people's sins upon his shoulders! not scapegoat, or a paws-cat, which pull hot chestnuts from the fire, and burn her fingers in the interests of her friend. The chestnuts, in this case, here, are very hot, my friend; but I risk to burn my fingers with the shells in the hope of sharing the inside of the nut."

"I never meant to make a scapegoat of you, nor a cat's-paw," said Launcelot Darrell, with some alarm in his tone. "I didn't mean to offend you, Bourdon. You're a very good fellow in your way, I know; and, if your notions are a little loose upon some subjects, why, as you say, a man's necessities are apt to get the upper hand of his principles. If Maurice de Crespigny has chosen to make an iniquitous will, to the ruin of his lawful kith, and the aggrandizement of an old gentleman's whim, the consequences of his injustice must rest on his head, not on mine."

"Most assuredly," cried the Frenchman, "that argument is not to be answered. Be happy, my friend, we will bring about a posthumous adjustment of the old man's errors. The wrong done by this deluded testator shall be repaired before his ashes are carried to their resting-place. Have no fear, my friend; all is prepared, as you know, and, let the time come when it may, we are ready to act."

Launcelot Darrell gave a long sigh, a fretful, discontented inspiration, that was expressive of utter weariness. This young man had in the course of his life committed many questionable and dishonorable actions—but he had always done such wrong as it were under protest, and with the air of a victim, who is innocently disposed, but too easily persuaded, and who reluctantly suffers himself to be led away by the counsels of evil-minded wretches.

So now he had the air of yielding to the subtle arguments of his friend, the agent for poison mustard.

The two men walked on in silence for some little time. They had left the wood long ago, and were in a broad lane that led towards Hazlewood. Launcelot Darrell strolled silently along with his head bent and his black eyebrows contracted. His companion's manner had his usual dapper airiness; but every now and then the Frenchman's sharp greenish blue eyes glanced from the pathway before him to the gloomy face of the artist.

"There is one thing that I forgot, in speaking of Mrs. Monckton," Monsieur Bourdon said, presently; "and that is that I fancy I have seen her somewhere before."

"Oh, I can account for that," Launcelot Darrell answered, carelessly. "I was inclined to think the same thing myself when I first saw her. She is like George Vane's daughter."

"George Vane's daughter?"

"Yes, the girl we saw on the Boulevard upon the night—"

The young man stopped abruptly, and gave another of those fretful sighs by which he made a kind of sulky atonement for the errors of his life.

"I do not remember the daughter of George Vane," murmured the Frenchman, reflectively. "I know that there was a young girl with that wearisome old Englishman—a sort of overgrown child, with bright yellow hair and big eyes; an overgrown child who was not easily to be shaken off; but I remember no more. Yet I think I have seen this Mrs. Monckton before to-day."

"Because I tell you Eleanor Monckton is like that girl. I saw the likeness when I first came home, though I only caught one glimpse of the face of George Vane's daughter on the Boulevard that night. And, if I had not had reason for thinking otherwise, I should have been almost inclined to believe that the old schemer's daughter had come to Hazlewood to plot against my interests."

"I do not understand."

"You remember George Vane's talk about his friend's promise, and the fortune that he was to inherit?"

"Yes, perfectly. We used to laugh at the poor, hopeful old man."

"You used to wonder why I took such an interest in the poor old fellow's talk.—Heaven knows I never wished him ill, much less meant him any harm—"

"Except so far as getting hold of his money," murmured Monsieur Bourdon, in an undertone.

The young man turned impatiently upon his companion.

"Why do you delight in raking up unpleasant memories?" he said, in a half-savage, half-peevish tone. "George Vane was only one amongst many others."

"Most certainly! Amongst a great many others."

"And if I happened to play *ecarte* better than most of the men we knew—"

"To say nothing of that pretty little trick with an extra king in the lining of your coat sleeve, which I taught you, my friend.—But about George Vane, about the friend of George Vane, about the promise—"

"George Vane's friend is my great-uncle, Maurice de Crespigny; and the promise was made when the two were young men at Oxford."

"And the promise was—"

"A romantic, boyish business, worthy of the Minerva Press. If either of the two friends died unmarried, he was to leave all his possessions to the other."

"Supposing the other to survive him. But Monsieur de Crespigny cannot leave his money to the dead. George Vane is dead. You need no longer fear him."

"No, I have no reason to fear *him*."

"But of whom then have you fear?"

Launcelot Darrell shook his head.

"Never you mind that, Bourdon," he said. "You're a very clever fellow, and a very good-natured fellow, when you please. But it's sometimes safest to keep one's own secrets. You know what we talked about yesterday. Unless I take your advice I'm a ruined man."

"But you will take it? Having gone so far, and taken so much trouble, and confided so much in strangers, you will surely not recede?" said Monsieur Bourdon, in his most insinuating tones.

"If my great-uncle is dying, the crisis has come, and I must decide, one way or the other," answered Launcelot Darrell, slowly, in a thick voice that was strange to him.—"I—I—can't face ruin, Bourdon. I think I *must* take your advice."

"I *know* that you would take it, my friend," the commercial traveller returned, quietly.

The two men turned out of the lane and climbed a rough stile leading into a meadow that lay between them and Hazlewood. The lights burned brightly in the lower windows of Mrs. Darrell's house, and the clock of the village church slowly struck six as Launcelot and his companion crossed the meadow.

A dark figure was dimly visible, standing at a low wicket-gate that opened from the meadow into the Hazlewood shrubbery.

"There's my mother," muttered Launcelot, "watching for me at the gate. She'll hear the news, perhaps. Poor soul, if I didn't care about the fortune for my own sake, I should for hers. I think a disappointment would almost kill her."

Again a coward's argument,—another loophole by means of which Launcelot Darrell tried to creep out of the responsibility of his own act, and to make another, in a manner, accountable for his sin.

CHAPTER XL.

RESOLVED.

Eleanor Monckton walked slowly back to the house, by the side of her husband, whose eyes never left his wife's face during that short walk between the garden-gate and the long French window by which the two girls had left the drawing-room. Even in the dusk, Gilbert Monckton could see that his wife's face was unusually pale.

She spoke to him as they entered the drawing-room, laying her hand upon his arm as she addressed him, and looking earnestly at him in the red firelight.

"Is Mr. de Crespigny really dying, Gilbert?" she asked.

"I fear that, from what the medical men say, there is very little doubt about it. The old man is going fast."

Eleanor paused for a few moments, with her head bent and her face hidden from her husband,

Then, suddenly looking up, she spoke to him again; this time with intense earnestness.

"Gilbert, I want to see Mr. de Crespigny before he dies; I want to see him alone—I must see him!"

The lawyer stared at his wife in utter bewilderment. What in Heaven's name was the meaning of this sudden energy, this intense eagerness, which blanched the color in her cheeks, and held her breathless? Her friendly feeling for the invalid, her womanly pity for an old man's infirmities, could never have been powerful enough to cause such emotion.

"You want to see Maurice de Crespigny, Eleanor?" repeated Mr. Mockton, in a tone of undisguised wonder. "But why do you want to see him?"

"I have something to tell him—something that he *must* know before he dies."

The lawyer started. A sudden light broke in upon his bewildered mind,—a light that showed him the woman he loved in very odious colors.

"You want to tell him who you are?"

"To tell him who I am? yes!" Eleanor answered, absently.

"But for what reason?"

Mrs. Monckton was silent for a moment, looking thoughtfully at her husband.

"My reason is a secret, Gilbert," she said—"I cannot even tell it to you—yet. But I hope to do so very, very soon. Perhaps to-night."

The lawyer bit his under lip, and walked away from his wife with a frown upon his face. He left Eleanor standing before the fireplace, and took two or three turns up and down the room, pacing backwards and forwards in moody silence.

Then, suddenly returning to her, he said, with an air of angry resolution that chilled her timid confidence in him, and cast her back upon herself, "Eleanor, there is something in all this that wounds me to the very quick. There is a mystery between us; a mystery that has lasted too long. Why did you stipulate that your maiden name should be kept a secret from Maurice de Crespigny? Why have you paid him court ever since your coming to this place? And why, now that you hear of his approaching death, do you want to force yourself into his presence? Eleanor, Eleanor, there can be but one reason for all this, and that the most sordid, the most miserable and mercenary of reasons."

George Vane's daughter looked at her husband with a stare of blank dismay, as if she was trying, but trying in vain, to attach some meaning to his words.

"A sordid reason—a mercenary reason," she repeated slowly, in a half whisper.

"Yes, Eleanor," answered Gilbert Monckton, passionately. "Why should you be different from the rest of the world? It has been my error, my mad delusion to think you so, as I once thought another woman who deceived me as God forbid you should ever deceive me. It has been my folly to trust and believe in you, forgetful of the past, false to the teaching of most bitter experience. I have been mistaken—once more—all the more egregiously, perhaps, because this time I thought I was so deliberate, so cautious. You are not different to the rest of the world. If other women are mercenary, you too are mercenary. You were not content with having sacrificed your inclination for the sake of making what the world calls an advantageous marriage. You were not satisfied with having won a wealthy husband, and you sought to inherit Maurice de Crespigny's fortune."

Eleanor Monckton passed both her hands across her forehead, pushing back the loose masses of her hair, as if she would by that movement have cleared away some of the clouds that overshadowed her brain.

"I seek to inherit Mr. de Crespigny's fortune," she murmured.

"Yes! Your father no doubt educated you in that idea. I have heard how obsequiously he built upon the inheritance of his friend's wealth. He taught you to share his hopes: he bequeathed them to you as the only legacy he had to give—"

"No!" cried Eleanor, suddenly; "the inheritance I received at my father's death was no inheritance of hope. Do not say any more to me, Mr. Monckton. It seems as if my brain had no power to bear all this to-night. If you can think these base things of me, I must be content to endure your bad opinion. I know that I have been very forgetful of you, very neglectful of you, since I have been your wife, and you have reason to think badly of me. But my mind has been so full of other things; so full that it has seemed to me as if all else in life—except those thoughts, that one hope—slipped by me like the events of a dream."

Gilbert Monckton looked half fearfully at his wife as she spoke. There was something in her manner that he had never seen before. He had seen her only when her feelings had been held in check by her utmost power of repression. That power was beginning to wear out now. The strain upon Eleanor's intellect had been too great, and her nerves were losing their power of tension.

"Do not say anything more to me," she cried, imploringly; "do not say anything more. It will soon be over now."

"What will soon be over, Eleanor?"

But Eleanor did not answer. She clasped her hands before her face; a half-stifled sob broke from her lips, and she rushed from the room before her husband could repeat his question.

Mr. Monckton looked after her with an expression of unmingled anguish on his face.

"How can I doubt the truth?" he thought; "her indignant repudiation of any design on Maurice de Crespigny's fortune exonerates her at least from that charge. But her agitation, her tears, her confusion, all betray the truth. Her heart has never been mine. She married me with the determination to do her duty to me, and to be true to me. I believe that. Yes, in spite of all, I will believe that. But her love is Launcelot Darrell's. Her love, the one blessing I sought to win,—the blessing which in my mad folly I was weak enough to hope for,—is given to Laura's betrothed husband. What could be plainer than the meaning of those last broken words she spoke just now: 'It will soon be over; it will soon be over?' What should she mean except that Launcelot Darrell's marriage and departure will put an end to the struggle of her life."

Mingled with the bitterness of his grief, some feeling akin to pity had a place in Gilbert Monckton's heart.

He pitied her—yes, he pitied this girl whose life it had been his fate to overshadow. He had come between this bright young creature and the affection of her innocent girlhood, and, presenting himself before her in the hour of her desolation, had betrayed her into one of those mistakes which a life-time of honest devotion is not always able to repair.

"She consented to marry me on the impulse of the moment, clinging to me in her loneliness and helplessness, and blinded to the future by the sorrow of the present. It was an instinct of confidence and not love that drew her towards me; and now, now that there is no retreat—no drawing back—nothing but a long vista of dreary years to be spent with a man she does not love, this poor unhappy girl suffers an agony which can no longer be concealed, even from me."

Mr. Monckton paced up and down his spacious drawing-room, thinking of these things. Once he looked with a sad, bitter smile at the evidences of wealth that were so lavishly scattered about the handsome chamber. On every side those evidences met his eyes. The Guido, upon which the firelight gleamed, kindling the face of a martyr into supernatural glory, was worth a sum that would have been a fortune to poor man. Every here and there, half hidden among the larger modern pictures, lurked some tiny gem of Italian art, a few square inches of painted canvas worth full a hundred times its weight of unalloyed gold.

"If my wife were as frivolous as Laura!" thought Mr. Monckton, "I could make her happy, perhaps. Fine dresses, and jewels, and pictures, and furniture, would be enough to make happiness for an empty-headed woman. If Eleanor had been influenced by mercenary feelings when she married me she would have surely made more use of my wealth; she would have paraded the jewellery I have given her, and made herself a lay figure for the display of milliner's work; as least while the novelty of her position lasted. But she has dressed herself in the plainest garments, and has only asked me for money when she has spent to the last shilling the allowance I have given to her. I might be the meanest man in existence, and she would not ask me for more than I have given to her. I might be the meanest man in existence, and she would not ask me for more than I have given to her."

The second dinner-bell rang while Gilbert Monckton was pacing the empty drawing-room, and he went straight to the dining-room in his frock-coat, and with no very great appetite for the dishes that were to be set before him.

Eleanor took her place at the top of the table. She wore a brown silk dress, a few shades darker than her auburn hair, and her white shoulders gleamed like ivory against bronze. She had bathed her head and face with cold water, and her rippling hair was still wet. She was very pale, very grave, but all traces of violent emotion had passed away, and there was a look of quiet determination about her mouth.

Laura Mason came rustling and flustering into the room, as Mr. and Mrs. Monckton took their places at the dinner-table.

"It's my PINK," said the young lady, alluding to a very elaborate toilette of blush-rose colored silk, bedizened with immeasurable yards of lace and ribbon.

"I thought you would like to see my pink, and I want to know how it looks. It's the new pink. Launcelot says the new pink is like strawberry-ices, but I like it. It's one of the dinner dresses in my trousseau, you know," she murmured, apologetically, to Mr. Monckton; "and I wanted to try the effect of it, though of course it's only to be worn at a party. The trimmings on the cross are beautifully; don't they, Eleanor?"

It was fortunate, perhaps, on this occasion at least, that Miss Mason possessed the faculty of keeping up a kind of conversational monologue, for otherwise there must have been a very dreary silence at the dinner-table upon this particular evening.

Gilbert Monckton never spoke except when the business of the meal compelled him to do so. But there was a certain tenderness of tone in the very few words he had occasion to address to his wife which was utterly different to his manner before dinner. It was never Mr. Monckton's habit to sit long over the dismal expanse of a dessert-table; but to-night, when the cloth had been removed and the two women left the room, he followed them without any delay whatever.

Eleanor seated herself in a low chair by the fire-place. She had looked at her watch twice during dinner, and now her eyes wandered almost involuntarily to the dial of the clock upon the chimney-piece.

Her husband crossed the room and leant for a few moments over the chair.

"I am sorry for what I said this afternoon, Eleanor," he murmured in a low voice; "can you forgive me?"

His wife lifted her eyes to his face. Those luminous gray eyes had a look of mournful sweetness in them.

"Forgive you!" exclaimed Eleanor, "it is you who have so much to forgive. But I will atone—I will atone—after to-night."

She said these last words almost in a whisper, rather as if she had been speaking to herself than to her husband; but Gilbert Monckton heard those whispered syllables, and drew his own conclusions from them. Unhappily every word that Mrs. Monckton uttered tended to confirm her husband's doubts and to increase his wretchedness.

He seated himself in a reading-chair upon the opposite side of the hearth, and, drawing a lamp close to his elbow, buried himself, or appeared to bury himself, in his newspapers.

But every now and then the upper margin of the "Times," or the "Post," or the "Athenæum," or the "Saturday," or whatever journal the lawyer happened to be perusing—and he took up one after the other with a fretful restlessness that betokened a mind ill at ease—dropped a little lower than the level of the reader's eyes, and Mr. Monckton looked across the edge of the paper at his wife.

Almost every time he did so he found that Eleanor's eyes were fixed upon the clock.

The discovery of this fact speedily became a torture to him. He followed his wife's eyes to the slowly moving hands upon the enamelled dial. He watched the minute-hand as it glided from one figure to another, marking intervals of five minutes that seemed like five hours. Even when he tried to read, the loud ticking of the wretched time-piece came between him and the sense of the page upon which his eyes were fixed, and the monotonous sound seemed to deaden and bewilder him.

Eleanor sat quite still in her low easy-chair. Scraps of fancy-work and open books lay upon the table beside her, but she made no effort to beguile the evening by any feminine occupation. Laura Mason, restless for want of employment and companionship fluttered about the room like some discontented butterfly, stopping every now and then before a looking-glass, to contemplate some newly discovered effect in the elegant costume which she called her "pink;" but Eleanor took no notice whatever of her murmured exclamations and appeals for sympathy.

"I don't know what's come to you, Nelly, since your marriage," the young lady cried at last; after vainly trying to draw Mrs. Monckton's attention to the manifold beauties of gauze puffings and floating streamers of ribbon; "you don't seem to take any interest in life. You're quite a different girl to what you were at Hazlewood—before Launcelot came home."

Mr. Monckton threw down the "Athenæum," and took up "Punch," as the lesser. He stirred with a stony face at one of Mr. Leech's most genial cartoons, and glanced almost vengefully at the familiar double columns of jokes. Eleanor looked away from the clock to answer her companion's peerish compliment.

"I am thinking of Mr. de Crespigny," she said; "he may be dying while we are sitting here."

Mr. Monckton dropped "Punch," and looked, openly this time, at his wife's face.

Could it be, after all, that her obstruction of manner really arose from no deeper cause than her regret for the loss of this old man, who was her dead father's friend, and who had displayed an especial affection for her?

Could it be so? No! Her words that night had revealed more than a common sorrow such as this. They had betrayed the secret of a hidden struggle—a woman's grief—not easily to be repressed or overcome. There is no knowing how long the lawyer might have sat brooding over his troubles under cover of the newspapers, but presently he remembered some papers which he had brought from London that afternoon, and which it was his imperative duty—in the interests of a very important client—to read that night.

He pushed away the lamp, rose from his low chair, and went to the door of the drawing-room.

"I am going to my study, Eleanor," he said; "I shall most likely spend the rest of the evening there, and I may be obliged to be very late. You won't sit up for me?"

"Oh, no; not unless you wish it."

"On no account. Good-night. Good-night, Laura."

Even while his wife wished him good-night, her eyes wandered uneasily back to the clock. A quarter to ten.

"And he hasn't once looked at my pink!" murmured Miss Mason, as her guardian left the drawing-room.

Scarcely had the door closed when Eleanor Monckton rose from her chair.

Her flushed cheeks flamed with crimson brightness; her eyes were lighted up as if a fire had burned in their dilated pupils.

"I am going to bed, Laura," she said abruptly; "I am very tired. Good-night!"

She took a candle from a table near the door, lit it, and hurried from the room before Laura could question her or remonstrate with her.

"She doesn't *look* tired," thought Miss Mason; "she looks as if she were going to a ball; or going to have the scarlatina. I think I looked like that when I was going to have the scarlatina; and when Launcelot proposed to me."

Five minutes after the stable-clock struck ten, the great door of Tolldale Priory was opened by a cautious hand, and Mrs. Monckton stole out of her house with a woollen cloak wrapped about her, and her head almost buried in the hood belonging to the thick winter garment. She closed the door softly, and then, without stopping to look behind her, hurried down the broad stone steps, across the courtyard, along the gravelled garden pathway, out at the narrow wooden door in the wall, and away into the dreary darkness of the wood that lay between the Priory grounds and the dwelling-place of Maurice de Crespigny.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WONDERFUL USES OF CLAY.

From the natural destruction of granite, under certain circumstances, are produced the finest clays for the manufacture of porcelain; and from the decomposition either of basalts or lava the finest and richest soils are often obtained. Pumice, as well as lava, is a modification of clay. Even some precious stones, in addition to the ruby and sapphire, belong to our vulgar clays; for the garnet and carbuncle are silicates of alumina and lime; emeralds are silicates of alumina, combined with a rare earth called *glucina*, and beryl is a mere modification of emerald. A vast variety of comparatively rare minerals have also a similar composition, including all those common in volcanic districts, all volcanic ashes and minerals thrown out during eruptions, and those also which are afterwards found in the clefts and cavities of the hardened masses. Wonderfully varied, then, are the forms and uses of clay, and the natural combinations of mineral substances of which clay is an essential part. The solid foundations of the earth, or at least all those most solid masses seen near the surface, are in a great measure due to it. Huge mountain masses, covered or flanked with thick envelopes of limestone, are often, to a depth quite unknown, made up almost exclusively of minerals and rocks of similar origin. They put on various shapes, and are known by many names. Our streets are paved with them, and some of the most enduring monuments of all ages are chiselled out of them when they have become crystallized into granites and porphyries.

Our houses are roofed and partly furnished with them, and our shoolboys write upon them. Our jewellers work them up into ornaments for the person, as garnets and emeralds, beryls and carbuncles. The real ultimate difference in composition in the case of all these minerals is wonderfully small, while the appearance and all the essential characteristics are as distinct as can well be imagined.

THE WINTER OF THE HEART.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CHARLES BOYNTON HOWELL.

When the light of hope is gone,
And the dreams of youth are fled,
When sleep in the voiceless tomb
The loved ones who are dead;
When those who've cheered us on
Through weary years depart,
'Tis then, 'tis truly then,
There's winter in the heart!

When our aspirations high
By Disappointment's sling
Are foiled to earth for aye,
And Joy no more doth bring
Her sunbeams; when stern Grief
Loadeth bitter smart,
'Tis then, 'tis truly then,
There's winter in the heart!

Pontiac, Michigan.

MARIAN'S CHRISTMAS DAY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MARY G. ALLEN.

"I shall lose half the pleasure of going home, if you don't go with me, Gracie. Besides, my cousin John King is coming from Philadelphia, to spend Christmas week at our house, and you *must* come and help me entertain him. Say 'yes,' please," said my pretty room-mate, Marian Willard, put her arm coaxingly about my waist.

It would have been hard for me to decline this invitation given in such winning fashion, but I only answered with a spice of mischief.

"A brilliant, social man like Mr. King will hardly need two of us to entertain him."

"You know him, then?" eagerly.

"I had that pleasure, some two years ago."

"What did you think of him, Grace?"

Her earnestness checked the light reply that rose to my lips, and I spoke more sincerely than I often feel called upon to do when discussing the merits of fashionable young men.

"What do I think of him? Why that he is an honorable man, and to my mind a very handsome and attractive one," noting the blush and smile of pleasure that flashed into the face of my listener. It was now my turn to question.

"Is he in the army, Marian?"

"No. He wanted to go, but he was shot through the left arm about a year ago, and has never recovered the right use of it since, so the surgeon would not accept him. He does all he can to help the Union cause, though; gives his time, money, influence, and everything to it; but this kind of work doesn't satisfy him. Six months ago, he told me that he would willingly give all he has in the world and ten years of his life besides, if he could have a chance to *fight* for his country."

Her interest in this handsome cousin, her eager vindication of his courage, the very tone in which she pronounced his name, told me a story which the honest and yet proud little woman never dreamed of revealing. The old, old story which still is always new. Should I ever be in love; I wondered. Really and truly, that is, as I believed this girl beside me to be. It was not likely. I had hardly *faith* enough left for that. But after Marian had kissed me good-night and gone to sleep, I lay awake a long time thinking of John King and of her—lastly, of myself. We had worked together for the soldiers, she and I, with willing fingers and anxious hearts. Had eaten, and slept, and studied together for six months, and had come to be fast friends. Not, however, after the sentimental manner of school-girls generally, for Marian, truthful and unworldly as she was, was not given to sentiment, and I essentially worldly in all my views and feelings, had a thorough contempt for the silly enthusiasm, extravagant friendships and innumerable confidences in which so many boarding-shool young ladies take delight.

Perhaps I erred as far in the other direction, but I was fighting the battle of life in such deadly earnest then, taxing every energy to accomplish the one object on which I had set my heart—the acquisition of a thorough and finished education. Alone and unaided, for I had not a relative in the world nor a dollar with which to commence the struggle. I had made my way up step by step from the position of forlorn little maid-of-all-work in the family of a village storekeeper to an honorable place in the graduating class of ——— College. How did I do it? you ask.

I had made shirts at fifteen cents each, and nearly starved myself in a vain effort to save something from this pitiful sum with which to pursue my studies.

At another time I hired as waiting maid to a fashionable young lady, who kindly gave me permission to employ my leisure hours in reading such books as I chose to select from her father's library. This rare privilege, of which I eagerly availed myself, was the source of much more pleasure and lasting benefit than the golden half eagle which I received every month for my services, or even the kind words of my pretty mistress. But this good fortune could not last forever. Miss Ingersoll married and removed to a distant city, and I was once more adrift upon the current of fortune, which landed me, after many changes, in a printing office. Here I learned the mysteries of typesetting. Here, too, I had free access to the office library, and better still, secured the good-will and fatherly counsels of the editor—a man of rare cultivation and considerable reputation as a journalist.

At his suggestion I took up the study of book-keeping, completely mastering it in the evenings of one winter, and thereby qualifying myself for the post of book-keeper to the establishment. This was easily obtained, and with it a salary which seemed like vast wealth to me, though it was only the ordinary pay of a man occupying the same position. At the end of two years I had a sum in bank quite sufficient to defray the expense of a year's attendance of a first class seminary. That year had now come to a close—a year of pleasant associations and of resolute effort crowned at last with triumphant success.

On New Year's day I was to resume my old place in the private counting-room of Howard & Co. Not because it was necessary for me to do so. Having graduated from the best school in the state it would have been very easy for me to obtain employment better suited to the taste of most women than book-keeping; but to my way of thinking it was clearly the duty of every woman to do all in her power toward filling the places of those men who had left all to go to their country's defence. So when Howard & Co. wrote me that the gentleman who had been in their employ for the past year was now in the army, I felt that I could serve my country much better by taking his place and performing the work of an accountant than I could possibly do in teaching little children their A, B, C's or instructing young misses in the mysteries of music, French and crotcheting. Besides, my salary would enable me to do something directly for the soldiers by contributing to the Sanitary Fund. True, not one of all those thousands of brave men knew or cared for me—there was a little bitterness in this thought sometimes—not one in the world to whom I was nearest and best. But nearly all of them perhaps were dear to the heart of some woman as husband, lover, brother or son, and every day almost a cry came up from military hospitals for supplies for the sick and wounded. Here was work for head and heart and hands, and I resolved to do more in the good cause than I had ever done before.

Something of these experiences in the past, and plans for the future I had confided to Marian, but not much—it was not in my nature to be very communicative in regard to my private affairs with any one.

Strangely enough she was equally silent with regard to her own history and that of her family. I only knew that her father, a stately gray-haired man, who sometimes came to visit her at the school—was wealthy and resided in the town of Chambersburg, forty miles distant, and that he lived quite alone—with the exception of two old domestics—for Marian's mother was dead.

On this one point she always spoke freely; the goodness and kindness of the gentle mother who had gone to heaven more than eight years before. She never spoke of brothers or sisters, and yet I had a vague impression that she had a brother, and that he was in the army.

The next morning dawned bright and cold, ushering in another anniversary of that day, when more than eighteen hundred years ago, the sinless babe of Bethlehem first looked with the eyes of humanity on the world He had come to redeem. I wondered if Marian was thinking of that as she listened with a far-off look in her eyes to the deep roll of an organ and a chant of human voices swelling out clear and solemn and sweet on the still, frosty air from a Catholic church near by. It ceased presently, and we went down to the sleigh in waiting to take us to the station.

It was still early morning when our driver drew up at the depot. Two men were walking, arm in arm, up and down the long platform outside. One of them I recognized instantly as John King; the other, a fine-looking man in military cap and overcoat, was a stranger.

As they turned in their walk, Mr. King recognized his cousin, and came forward immediately with a bright smile and gay greeting.

He paused a moment after helping us from the sleigh.

"Young ladies, may I introduce an old friend of mine to you?"

"Certainly," said Marian.

He turned to me. "You have no objection, Miss Madison?"

"None, whatever. Present him by all means."

He turned to his companion of a moment before, who came gravely up to where we stood. "Miss Madison, allow me to present Captain Willard."

"Captain Willard" lifted his cap in graceful courtesy, and then Mr. King introduced him in due form to Marian. It was a little strange that their names should be precisely alike, still more strange to see Marian standing silent and pale before this man, while her dark eyes searched his face with a curious, intent expression, as if her very life depended upon their testimony. He waited a little for her to speak—seeing that she did not, he took her hand in both his, saying, "Little sister, don't you know me?"

"Oh, Frederic, my brother, have you come back at last?"

His arms closed round her in a close embrace, and I walked away, feeling that I had no right to witness that meeting. Mr. King followed. He was only a little less excited than the two who had just met so happily. After procuring a comfortable place for me, and seating himself beside me, he commenced.

"I always knew that my uncle was mercilous in his resentments, but how he can hold out against Fred in the way he does is more than I can imagine."

I felt that it would be hardly honorable for me to listen to anything on this subject, and so got off it as soon as possible by asking a question which any stranger might put with perfect propriety.

"To what regiment does Captain Willard belong?"

"The —th Pennsylvania. A good regiment, and there isn't a better man in it," said his friend, enthusiastically.

"If I remember rightly that regiment was at the battle of Antietam."

"It was. And in the seven days fighting before Richmond. It was at Malvern Hill that Fred got the scar you may have noticed on his forehead. I happened to be in Washington when he was brought into the hospital there, dangerously wounded. He suffered terribly, and at last the surgeon said there was no hope. We all thought he must die. He thought so too, and got me to write a letter for him to his father asking forgiveness for all that he had ever said or done to offend him, and begging him to come at once and bring Marian—he wanted to see them both once more before he died. But my uncle never came—never wrote to say whether he forgave his boy or not. Marian never saw that letter I am confident. She would have waded through fire to reach her brother if she had known that he was wounded. I think the hope of seeing her kept him up, and at last the fever seemed to take a favorable turn, and he got better, finally got well. He is on his way now to rejoin his regiment. It seems hard that he should be so near home without going there, just at Christmas time, too."

I had been so deeply interested in this brief story that I did not hear Marian's step behind me. She laid her hand on my shoulder, saying, with a ripple of happiness in her voice that it made me glad to hear, "Grace, I want you to shake hands with my brother and be his friend as you have been mine. Will you?"

I looked up at the two standing there beside me. They were very much alike, this brother and sister. The same serious brown eyes and smooth forehead; the same contour of face, but his was brown and bearded. His voice, too, when he spoke, reminded me of Marian's. Stronger, of course, and not so soft, but wonderfully clear and sweet—a voice that once heard would be long remembered.

"Can you venture to accept me as a friend on this little lady's recommendation, Miss Madison?"

I remembered what John King had just said of him: "Not a better man in the regiment."

"The testimony of two credible witnesses ought certainly to be believed, so I think I may venture," I replied jestingly; then, more seriously, as I offered my hand, "I am a friend to *every* man who has done his duty, Captain Willard."

He took my hand in both his, as he had done his sister's a little while before. "Thank you for that." The glance which accompanied the words brought a glow to my cheek, but it was not more eloquent than the radiant one with which Marian kissed me.

The bell rang and all hurried on board the cars. Mr. King kept his place beside me, thus leaving the brother and sister free to enjoy each other's society for the little time that remained to them. Two hours passed quickly away, and we were in Chambersburg.

The first person my eyes fell upon was old Mr. Willard who had come with a sleigh to meet his daughter. I think we all discovered him at the same moment, but no one spoke of it. Marian's hand trembled as she adjusted her veil—I knew that she was wondering in what spirit the two so long estranged would meet.

Her brother assisted her from the platform, Mr. Willard came to receive her, and father and son stood face to face. They looked keenly at each other, and bowed courteously, as strangers whom some trifling circumstance had brought for a moment together.

If there was any bitterness in the thought that he was so completely an alien from the home of his childhood, that his own father had ceased to remember him, Captain Willard did not betray it. The cool face told no tales, the steady voice did not falter even when he kissed Marian, saying fervently, "God bless you, my darling. Good-bye." He turned to me last.

"You have promised me your friendship, Miss Madison. I shall try hard to live worthy both of your generous confidence and Marian's love."

He touched his lips lightly to my fingers as he relinquished them.

All this passed so quickly that when Mr. Willard recovered from the amazement into which he had been thrown at seeing a strange young man embracing *his* daughter, the supposed offender was gone.

"Who is that man? What does this mean?" he inquired, hotly, of John King.

"That man is your son, Captain Frederic Willard," was the grave reply.

The host died out instantly.

"Is that true?" in a tone strikingly at variance with the hasty, passionate accents of a moment before.

"Yes, uncle, it is true. You must excuse me for a few hours. Fred leaves at twelve o'clock, and I must stay and see him off."

"Certainly, certainly, sir," said the old man, stiffly; and offering me his arm, he led the way to a sleigh near by.

"Recollect, John, that we shall expect you to dinner without fail," was his parting charge to the young man, who had folded the robes carefully about Marian, and now stood back from the curbstone to see us start.

"I shall certainly come."

That ride to Mr. Willard's house was a very silent one. I believe we were all thinking of the young soldier who was to leave at twelve o'clock, and so did not care to talk. At the threshhold Marian turned and bade me welcome, and Mr. Willard's manner was cordial and almost natural as he repeated the welcome.

The chamber into which Marian ushered me was a large apartment on the second floor—her own room, which I must share with her while I stayed. A pleasant room, luxurious with soft carpets, elegant pictures, a richly canopied bed, and every necessary of the toilet. The western windows commanded an extensive view of cultivated grounds, grand old forest trees, and wide fields stretching far away into the country—all belonging to the Willard estate. And yet my heart ached for the young mistress of this elegant home, the prospective heiress of these broad lands.

Divesting ourselves of fur and heavy wrappings, we sat down together before the cheerful fire. I don't think that Marian saw anything cheerful in it, as she looked into its glowing heart with a weary, hopeless expression that it was painful to see.

"You think it very strange, don't you, Grace, that I have never told you about my brother," she said, presently. "It looks as if I had very little confidence in my best friend."

"If I thought and felt like that, I should not deserve the name you have given me," I replied.

"You don't know how often I have wanted to tell you the whole story, but regard for my father kept me silent. I know you could never think of him as well again if you knew all, and for that reason I felt that it was hardly right for me to tell you; but it is different now."

She stopped a moment, then went on wearily.

"If mother had lived, I don't think this trouble would have come on us all."

From how many, *many* aching hearts has that cry gone up, "If mother had lived."

"She was so good that no one could have any serious disagreement in her presence; but after she died, matters grew worse and worse till at last it was dreadful. People who know father now, would never imagine what a quick, high temper he had in those days. He never reproved or punished me, but almost every day something that Frederic said or did displeased him, and then he would get in a passion and say things that he *must* have been sorry for afterward, they were so bitter and unjust. But Frederick had a great deal of patience and self-control. As he told me once, father's frequent outbursts of anger were so many lessons to him on the duty of keeping a strict guard over his own temper.

"One day an accident to one of the horses, raised a storm more violent than usual. Some careless remark of Frederic's made matters worse, and in his fury my father raised the light walking stick he always carried and struck him across the face. Frederic was a big boy, sixteen years old, and the servants standing by saw all."

Marian was crying now as she walked excitedly up and down the room.

"I screamed, for I thought my brother was nearly killed. On one cheek, where the rattan had fallen heaviest, it had cut through the skin, and left a bloody mark.

"Father lifted his hand a second time, but Frederic said, hoarsely—

"'Don't dare to strike me again.'

"He had been roused into resistance at last. I think my father saw this, and realized that he had done what he might never be able to undo. He did not reply to the defiance by word or motion.

"Frederic walked away, and father went into the house, commanding me to follow and go up stairs. I obeyed, but after a while, when he had retired to his own room, I went out into the garden to hunt for my brother. I found him in one of the summer houses. He had been waiting for me, he said; he knew I would come for him. We went together to a pleasant place which he had arranged for my especial pleasure. There was the swing he had put up for me, the pretty garden-seat he had made, the grotto he had built; on every hand some token of the tender care of this one, dearly loved, almost idolized brother. He sat down in the rustic chair and drew me to his knee.

"And then he told me that he was going far away; 'so far, if he could, that he should never see his father again.' I begged him to take me with him—I should die if I had to stay there without him.

"But that, of course, was impossible.

"He should be educated properly with all kinds of people,' he said; and he to be in places quite unfit for a lady, got to go. He would write to me though, and till the time he was getting along, and what success he had. I must do the same, but never to let her see any of the letters, or even know that I corresponded with him. If anything should happen that I did not hear from him for a long time, I must not get discouraged and think that he had forgotten me, he should remember me and keep me informed, and when he became a man, and able to have a home of his own, we would live together again.'

"Then he kissed me good-bye and mounted. I watched after him as I could as the road led him from view. Three days I knew nothing of him till I saw him standing in the door of the house. He thought I should not see him, but I did, and knew from his manner that he had come, and was leaving hurriedly.

"He was wounded in the fight at Malvern Hill, and lay in the hospital at Washington a long time. He was very low, and when the surgeon said there was no hope for him, he sent a letter to father, asking his forgiveness, and begging us both to come and see him before he died. But father did not answer the letter, and I never knew till to-day that it was written—never knew how near death my brother had come, till he himself told me this morning.

"If he had died—" she stopped. "Thank God he did not."

There was a knock at the door; a servant with a message from Mr. Willard.

"When Miss Marian is rested, her father would like to see her in the library.

"Tell him I will come immediately."

After she had gone I lay down upon a lounge, and presently fell asleep. When I awoke, the tiny clock on the mantel was striking twelve. The fire still burned cheerily in the grate, and broad patches of sunlight fell warm and golden on the crimson room of the carpet. While I was wondering what could possibly detain Marian so long, she came in, walked straight up to the lounge on which I was lying, and knelt down beside it.

"Grace, my father has been to the depot to see Frederic, and everything has been explained and forgiven. Oh! Grace, how I have wronged my father. He never received that letter—knew no more about it than I did. They are all down in the parlor now: father and John and Frederic; and this is going to be such a blessed Christmas day after all." And it was. I think the angels smiled approval when those two, so bitterly at variance, so long estranged, once more clasped hands in love and peace: a love that should never again be doubted by either; a peace that should never be broken.

Far down the street a regimental band is playing "Home again." Eight hundred feet keep step to the music—weary, wayworn feet,

"Bringing soldiers home."

From house and workshop, from lane and alley and street, friends are hurrying to meet and welcome them. Fathers and mothers, sisters and sweethearts, wives and children crowd up to the ranks as they move slowly along. There are kisses and eager greetings—some blanched and sorrowful faces, for this regiment went out one thousand strong, and now numbers but four hundred men.

Marian stands on the steps beside me waving her handkerchief as the soiled and shot-torn flag goes by, while Mr. Willard and John King lift their hats with more deference than either would show to an emperor.

A friendly voice calls out from the street —"The —th is just behind. Captain Willard will be here in ten minutes."

"Thank God!"

It was Mr. Willard who said that. A mist came before my eyes. The banners, the music, the joyful throng mingled indistinctly together, and I heard nothing more till Frederic's voice sounded in my ear:

"Grace, my darling, have you no welcome for me?"

Thank God! that my soldier has returned at last.

THE WORLD FAILING AT LAST.—Campbell, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," in his old age, wrote: "I am alone in the world. My wife and the child of my hopes are dead; my surviving child is consigned to a living tomb; my old friends, brothers, sisters, are dead, all but one, and she, too, is dying: my last hopes are blighted. As for fame, it is a bubble that must soon burst. Earned for others, shared with others, it was sweet; but at my age, to my own solitary experience, it is bitter. Left in my chamber alone by myself, is it wonderful my philosophy at times takes flight; that I rush into company; resort to that which blunts, but heals no pang; and then, sick of the world and dissatisfied with myself, shrink back into solitude?" And in this state of mind the author of the "Pleasures of *Hope*" died.

☞ MORE FRENCH SYMPATHY FOR SECESH.—The Empress Eugenie's golden hair having begun to turn silvery, the Court hairdresser in trying to restore the original color, has made it a reddish brown. *Ergo*, the Empress is a *Copperhead*, like her interesting husband. Probably it is a judgment on the latter.

WOMAN-OLOGY.

We aspire to know, at least, what it is that makes woman so adorable as magnetism possesses her to be, and we have seen nothing so tributary to this science as an article in Once a Month, entitled "The Gingerbread-nuts hard nut of Women." From the pleasant little periodical we quote thus largely:

Once day the Fairy Blue descended upon earth with the courteous intention of distributing to all her daughters, inhabitants of different lands, the treasures and favors she brought with her.

Her dwarf, Amaranth, sounded his horn, and immediately a young girl of each nation presented herself at the foot of the throne of Fairy Blue. This happened a long time before the Revolution of July, 1830.

The good Fairy Blue said to all her friends:—

"I desire that none of you shall have to complain of the gift. I am about to make you. It is not in my power to give each of you the same thing; but each want of unfriendly in my largesses, should that deprive them of all merit?"

As time is precious to the fairies they say but little. Fairy Blue here finished her speech and commenced the distribution of her gifts.

She gave to the young girl who represented the Castles, hair so black and so long that she could make a mantilla of it.

To the Italian girl she gave eyes, sparkling and brilliant as an eruption of Vesuvius at midnight.

To the Turkish, an *embonpoint* round as the moon and soft as eider down.

To the English, an aurora borealis to tint her cheeks, her lips, her shoulders.

To the German, such teeth as she had herself, and what is not worth less than pretty teeth but which has its price—a feeling heart, and one profoundly disposed to love.

To the Russian girl she gave the distinction of a queen.

Then, passing in detail, she placed gayety upon the lips of a Neapolitan girl, wit in the head of an Irish, good sense into the heart of a Flemish; and when she had no more to give, she prepared to take her flight.

"And I?" said the Parisian girl, retaining her by her blue tunic.

"I had forgotten you."

"Entirely forgotten, madame?"

"You were too near me, and I did not perceive you. But what can I do now? The bag of gifts is exhausted."

The fairy reflected an instant, then, calling by a sign her charming obliged ones, she said to them:

"You are good, since you are beautiful; it is for you to repair a very grave wrong I have committed. In my distribution I have forgotten your sister from Paris. Let each of you, I pray, detach a portion of the present I have made to her, and so gratify our Parisian. You will lose little, and repair much."

How refuse a fairy, and, above all, the Fairy Blue?

With the grace which happy people have always, three ladies, in turn, approached the Parisian, and threw her, in passing, one a little of her beautiful black locks; another a little of the rose of her complexion; this, some rays of her gayety; that, what she could of her sensibility. And it was thus that the Parisian, at first very poor, very obscure, and very down-hearted, found herself in an instant, by this act of sharing, much richer and better endowed than any of her companions.

Besides Boccaccio, more than thirty authors have written, successively, the praises of the celebrated women of all countries.—Some writers have not been contented with making us the equals of men, but even their superiors. I don't think we are so vain as to consider ourselves superior creatures. It was chiefly in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries when our sex was made so much of. In 1509, the famous Cornelius Agrippa, who had the reputation of being a great magician, published his book in Latin, "On the Excellence of Women."

He tells us that God called the man Adam, and the woman Eve. Now, Adam signifies *earth*, and *Eve life*. Life is more precious than earth; therefore the woman is more precious than the man.

She was the *chef d' œuvre* of creation; and he continues, somewhat irreverently perhaps—but he was not naturally an irreverent man, for he wrote in England a Commentary to the Epistles to the Corinthians—"God rested. He was exhausted, as it were, in creating her!" and woman, notwithstanding all the defects of body and mind which her enemies have attributed to her, is worth, in herself, all the universe. God kept her for *la bonne bouche*; he made her the last, because she was to be the queen of creation—so much so, that before she had being he had built for her a royal sojourn; then he introduced her into the world as into the court designed for her, and which he had adorned, enriched, embellished with the magnificence worthy of such a monarch. Man was created in the open field, like the other animals; Eve was created in Paradise." For this reason the descendants of Eve had received many special privileges, no influence us. For instance:

"If it happens that a man and a woman fall into the water in company, without hope of rescue, the woman floats a long time before she sinks, whereas the man descends the water like a stone, and makes first the road to the bottom. Whence comes this, if you please? You attribute it, perhaps, to the lightness of the body, or to the dress? Pretty reasons, good souls! It is because the woman was created in Paradise, and because that her place here, or wherever she may be, is always above the water."

The superiority of woman he proves from the fact that Adam was formed of clay, and Eve of living, animated matter—in a word, from the rib of man; from whence it follows that woman is a creation entire and complete. He won't have it that woman had anything to do with the first sin. "The command not to touch of the fruit of the Forbidden Tree was given to Adam, for Eve was not yet created. God wished that the woman, as His favorite creation, should be free from the beginning. If there had been only the woman, man would never have known death."

The lively Queen Margot, wife of Henry of Navarre, undertook to prove, in a letter, that woman is superior to man intellectually; and Madame de Girardin says: "Among a hundred men you may, perhaps, find two sensible ones: among a hundred women you may find one stupid. That is the exact proportion."

"As writers," according to Madame de Maintenon, "women commit a thousand faults against grammar, but with your entire permission—an indulgence which is rarely given to men." "And," quoth Voltaire, "all the reasonings of men are not worth a woman's sentiment." J. J. Rousseau lays it down that "Women have the judgment earlier formed than men; being on the defensive almost from their infancy, and charged with a deposit difficult to keep, good and evil are necessarily soon known to them." The author of "Emile" says, moreover:—"Women have a flexible tongue; they speak sooner, more easily, and more agreeably than men. They are accused of speaking more; this ought to be so, and I shall readily change this reproach into eulogium. The mouth and the eyes with women have the same activity, and for the same reason. The man says what he knows, the woman that which pleases her." The Chevalier de Mere made the observation, and I quite admit its correctness, sir:—"A man never knows how to live well unless women are mixed up with him in it."

Of course, the following sayings must be flattering to the French women: De Bruix, when he writes, "A woman, pretty in France, would be ugly elsewhere; a gifted woman in France will be so everywhere;" and Madame de Girardin, "In France, except the blue stockings, all the women are women of mind."

We are accused, sir, of what the French call *la gourmandise*—in other words, that we like a good luncheon and a good dinner. I, for one, own to the proclivity of dainty eating, and I am supported in my proclivity by the dictum of Brillat-Savarin, who says:—

"Good eating (*la gourmandise*) is not at all unbecoming of ladies; it is suiting to the delicacy of their organs, and grants them compensation for some pleasures that they must deprive themselves of, and for some ills to which nature would appear to have condemned them. Nothing is more agreeable than to see a pretty *gourmande* under arms; the napkin is advantageously laid out, one of her hands is posed on the table, the other conveys to her mouth small morsels, elegantly cut, or the wing of the partridge *qu'il faut mordre*; her eyes are brilliant, her lips shining, her conversation agreeable, all her movements gracious; she is not failing in that grain of coquetry which women cast over everything. With all these advantages she is irresistible; and even Cato, the censor himself, would be stirred."

QUESTIONS FOR A WIFE.

Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? That was, is, and ever will be, your evil genius! It is the tempter which labors incessantly to destroy your peace, which cheats you with the delusion that your husband deserved your anger, when he really most required your love. This is the cancer which feels on those unspeakable emotions you felt on the first pressure of his hand and lip. Never forget the manner in which the duties of a wife can alone be fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide as well as teach him. Your violence may alienate his heart and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him—your softness subdue him; and the good-natured twinkle of those eyes, now filling beautifully with priceless tears, will make him all your own.

☞ JOKE BY A BISHOP.—Among the distinguished visitors to the House of Commons during the debate on the Irish Church, was Dr. Colenso, the famous Bishop of Natal, who occupied a seat in the Peers' box. The presence of the Right Rev. Prelate on this occasion suggests the last joke, which, it is echoed, has emanated from the colonial suffragan. "Why is it impossible for two bishops to row in the same boat?" "Why, because they are in different seas (seas?)"

HOW THE FRENCH SOLDIERS ARE TAKEN CARE OF.

Let our own soldiers read the following from "All the Year Round," in regard to French soldiers on the march—and "take care." The writer says:—

"The precautions taken to prevent our taking cold, and to insure our comfort and health, I thought excessive. In the first place, if the weather were chilly, we were obliged to march in close order, for warmth. As the day grew warmer, the ranks were opened, so that we should not be incommoded by dust and perspiration. As soon as we began to perspire, delirious sergeants, captains and lieutenants trotted about our columns shouting to men to button up their coats if they opened them, and diminishing the quickness of our steps as we approached the halt; and woe to the parched soldier who dare touch water till he had received orders to do so.

"'Eat bread!' 'Eat a few mouthfuls of bread before you drink?' 'Rinse your mouth well out before you swallow a mouthful of water!' 'Sit on your packs, and not on the ground!' 'You, sir! two days' salle de police for lying down in the shade! Up with you!'

"When we arrived at our destination, first duties over and the soup eaten, the officers seemed possessed; they stormed and shouted at the sight of a particle of dust or mud on a shoe; they caused trowsers to be turned up to see that there were no damp feet; doctors flew about inquiring after sore heels; captains grew red in the face in their anxiety to see everything orderly and comfortable. Before sunset, whether it was bivouac or village, the regiment was as quiet as a church. Next morning everybody awoke refreshed, and rather inclined for another march than otherwise."

RACHEL, THE ACTRESS.

I have had the pleasure of frequently meeting Rachel in society, and certainly it was impossible to have seen any one more high-bred in appearance, dress and manner. There was nothing exaggerated in her style of dress, which was always of rich materials, but in perfect taste. She generally, in order to conceal the excessive spareness of her form, wore a high gown, fitting tight round the long, slight throat, and falling in heavy folds; the lace collar being fastened by some costly ornament.—Her head, which was beautifully shaped, was generally adorned only by her thick, waving hair. Her eyes were very deeply set, and too jet black to be soft or pleasing; her profile was regular in its outline, but her face was long and narrow, and bore evident traces of its Jewish origin. She had very small, well-formed hands, with long, thin, taper fingers, and pink nails, remarkably "*bien soignes*." Her manner in a drawing-room was particularly quiet, pleasing and lady-like.—She was neither forward nor servile; never forcing herself on any one's acquaintance, and yet never accepting a position of humiliation. I could completely understand how thoroughly English society had been taken in during her first visit to London, and how the most straight-laced dowagers had invited her, almost on a footing of intimacy, to their houses and select parties. It is true that she had not then completely thrown all appearance of propriety to the winds, as in her later career. I think I may say, without subjecting myself to any accusation of scandal or exaggeration, that no woman ever went beyond Rachel in immorality. I have heard men say that it was just that contrast between her "company" manners, so distinguished, graceful and dignified, and the coarse, ribald tone which she assumed when at ease with her boon companions, that fascinated them. She must have studied vice as another might have studied virtue, and instead of feigning to appear better than she really was, it seemed to be her glory to show to her admirers the darkest shades of her character, and make them kneel down and worship the idol of mud they had set up.—*Gronow's Recollections and Anecdotes.*

EXPERIMENTAL EVIDENCE.—Paschal says that, wearied with the investigation of external evidences of Christianity, which, though they make the truth of revealed religion in the highest degree probable, still do not amount to mathematical certainty, he submitted the teachings of Christianity to his own inward nature, and found there a prompt response, whose verdict he could no more doubt than he could his own existence. A book so infinitely superior as the Bible is to every other, in its adaptation to the wants of the soul, to the tempted, the heart-broken, the dying, to universal humanity in all its conflicts, sins and woes, carried its own evidence of its Divine origin.

☞ CROWDING HIM.—"Where is your house?" asked a traveller in the depths of one of the old "solemn wildernesses" of the West. "House! I ain't got no house." "Well, where do you live?" "I live in the woods—sleep on the Government purchase, eat raw bear and wild turkey, and drink out of the Mississippi. And," he added, "it is getting too thick with you folks about here. You're the second man I have seen this last month, and I hear that there's a whole family come in about fifty miles down the river. I'm going to put out in the woods again."

ADVANTAGES OF WEDLOCK.

None but the married man has a home in his old age. None has friends, then, but he; none but he knows and feels the solace of the domestic hearth; none but he lives and freshens in his green old age, amid the affections of his children. There is no tear shed for the cold bachelor; there is no ready hand and kind heart to cheer him in his loneliness and bereavement; there is none in whose eyes he can see himself reflected, and from whose lips he can receive the unfailing assurances of care and love. No. The old bachelor may be courted for his money. He may eat and drink and revel, as such things do; and he may dicken and die in a hotel or a garret, with plenty of attendants about him, like so many cormorants waiting for their prey. But he will never know what it is to be loved, and to live and die amid a loved circle. He can never know the comforts of the domestic fireside.

A LONG TIME TO CANCEL AN AGREEMENT.—Any one who disputes the following had better cipher it out in vacation time:—If twelve persons were to agree to dine together every day, but never sit exactly in the same order round the table, it would take them thirteen millions of years, at the rate of one dinner a day, and they would have to eat more than 479 millions of dinners before they could go through all the possible arrangements in which they could place themselves. A has only one change, A B two, A B C six, four letters 24, five 120, six 720, seven 5,040, eight 40,320, nine 362,-880, ten 3,628,800, eleven 39,916,800, twelve 479,001,600.

☞ "Ah," said a skeptical collegian to an old Quaker, "I suppose you are one of those fanatics who believe the Bible?" Said the old man, "I do believe the Bible. Do you believe it?" "No; I can have no proof of its truth." "Then," inquired the old man, "does thee believe in France?" "Yes; for although I have not seen it, I have seen others who have. Besides, here is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist." "Then thee will not believe anything thee nor others has not seen?" "No." "Did thee ever see thy own brains?" "No." "Ever see a man who did see them?" "No." "Does thee believe thee has any?" This last question put an end to the discussion.

☞ LOVE.—A matter-of-fact philosopher asserts that "Love is to domestic life what butter is to bread—it possesses little nourishment in itself, but gives substantials a grand relish, without which they would be hard to swallow." Elsewhere we find this brief sentence: "Love has many languages, and the tenderest and most eloquent of them is silence."

Singular and Horrible Disease.

Some ten months ago, Mr. Chas. Monroe, of Fairhaven, was at Lagos and at Acra, on the Guinea Coast, whither he had sailed as mate with Captain Post, in the bark Elizabeth, and while there he drank of the water of that part of the world, without thinking to take the precautions commonly in use among the natives for the prevention of a terrible disease known as the Guinea worm. It appears that the Africans always boil this water before drinking, in order to destroy the minute, invisible egg of the worm, which is so small that it is absorbed by the blood vessels from the stomach, and is in that manner distributed in various parts of the body, usually the legs, where it is hatched, and after a long time makes its appearance in the shape of a white thread-like worm, pointed on both ends, and it twines and twists all about the muscles, and veins, and arteries, but produces no particular feeling of uneasiness until some part of its body comes near the skin, when bad inflammation takes place.

It was in March last that Mr. Monroe began to be troubled with them, and for three months he has not walked a step. He is now at the Connecticut State Hospital, under treatment, and one worm has been taken from the bottom of his foot that measures over two feet long. The way it is done is this: When the surface of the skin is so pricked or irritated as to show where the "critter" is, a thread is fastened to him, and a small weight attached to the other end of the thread. The worm gets tired of pulling so steady a strain, and gives ground a trifle day by day, and as he comes out a little spool winds him up until he is all up. The pain is very great. For forty nights Mr. Monroe hardly slept on account of the suffering.

One worm is now in process of being drawn from his heel, and those medical men who have never seen a case of the kind, are much interested. Great care has to be taken not to pull too hard, because the worm would break, and the trouble be much prolonged. Its medical name is *dracunaculus*, and it grows to be several feet in length. It is endemic in the Soudan. When the bother commences it appears under the skin like a varicose vein, and after a painful boil has been formed and the skin broken, the head of the animal is discovered. Mr. Monroe is very patient under this strange affliction, and we hope long to see him restored to health.—*New Haven Journal.*

[The above is one of the toughest stories we have read for a long while.—*Bl. Sat. Nes. Post.*]

NON-COMBATIVE LOYALTY.—The "Dunkards," an unobtrusive but eminently worthy and respectable religious body in this state, at their recent annual assembly at Morrison's Grove, referred the subject of conscription to a committee, which reported in favor of sustaining the Government and obeying the laws, notwithstanding the nonresistant principles of the denomination. A resolution was recommended and adopted, that every member drafted shall pay his commutation, and if he is not able, the expense shall be assessed on the members of the congregation.

A NEW WAY TO GET A WIFE.

The Cleveland Herald says that a man from Brooksville stopped into the Infirmary of that city last Sunday, and said he wanted a wife. The Superintendent was rather staggered at so novel an application, but finally, as the fellow appeared very much in earnest, and begging him to "trot out his marriageable stock," asked the woman in the institution what they thought of it. All declined to consider a question so popped in that unreasonable manner but one, who had rather unpleasant antecedents. She was "trotted" out, and the fellow thus addressed her: "I've got seven acres of land out here in Brecksville, five cows, a fat hog, and a daughter, who will be married on Monday. I don't want to lie to you, so I tell you I shall give one cow to my daughter, but I have a heifer about ready to come in, and then you will have five cows all the same. All I want is three meals a day cooked, but you can eat between meals if you are hungry and three meals a day when you're not. If you want to hitch up, say so." The "blushing fair one"—that is, she would have blushed if she could—"said so," and Smith left them to settle the details of this novel engagement. The happy swain proceeded to be back early next morning with a license. And he kept his word. The marriage so strangely "got up" was duly and legally completed.

THE FEELING IN THE SOUTH.—In the correspondence from Tuscaloosa, of the Mobile Evening News, is the following rebel testimony:

"'The game's up. It's useless calling for us men up to forty-five, for we can't go. Reconstruction on whatever grounds we can get it, say L.' These strong words, uttered in a brisk, confident and shameless tone, awoke me from my after dinner torpor as I lay back in my chair at a public house at Tuscaloosa. The speaker was a hale, hearty, old-young fellow of forty-two. His children, numbering half a dozen, were mostly younger than himself, and apparently as fit food for powder as any class of robust 'exempts' that have come within my vision. The various replies in answer to the speaker's discourse were flattering enough to him. One of the subordinates exclaimed —'You are right, John. A —— old Mississippi refugee, with his family and fifty niggers, stopped at my place yesterday, and wanted supplies. Told him I'd see him in purgatory first; to go home and defend his own state, not run off and eat us all up. If having to run off and leave everything to the Yankees, 'aint subjugation, I'd like to know what is. It's time this thing was stopped, and now I'm ordered out, although my substitute is with Lee, and must leave my property to take care of itself. I'll be —— first!'

"Such ideas as these I have heard recently so frequently advanced by men of property, who, for various reasons, are exempt from military duty, and who have never shouldered a musket or carried a sabre, that wealth and patriotism seem incompatible. Now, when it becomes imperative to lend the aid of their strong arms in support of the cause, 'Reconstruction' sing they all, sooner than expose their precious persons or relinquish an acre of their cherished lands."

Tuscaloosa, we may add, is not a hundred miles from Montgomery, Alabama, the first capital of the Confederacy. It is in the very heart of the cotton states.

A FAVORITE BRITISH EPITHET.—M. D. Conway writes from London:—I heard Mr. Bright say, the other day, that, in his opinion, the English people had been demoralized by the Crimean war, and that he had no doubt they could now be carried into a war twice as costly as before. The position was eagerly denied by some good judges present. Whether or not the brutal vein of the English people has been exasperated by the taste of Russian blood, I am convinced that it has a very decided existence, and I cannot help thinking that there is some significance in that universal expletive of the lower classes which calls everything "bloody." I can give no impression of the frequency with which this ugliest of words occurs in any crowd. A man offers to bet a bloody shilling that there will be a bloody rain to-morrow; another wishes to know when this bloody steamer will start. And, in fact, Mr. Dickens's account of a certain aristocratic party, where blood was discussed so earnestly that it might have been taken for a party of ogres, would be true of the unaristocratic party also. So much sanguinary talk I never heard. To show how confirmed this slang is, I am told on one occasion at the Lord Mayor's Court, a man, giving in his testimony, said:—"When I told Tom that he must give me that bloody sovereign back, he squared off, and just then a bloody policeman come up and brought us to your bloody honor!"

COLLECTOR-BARNEY'S GOOD TASTE.—We see it stated in the Home Journal that Mr Collector Barney has shown excellent taste in appointing to and retaining in office several gentlemen well known in the literary and art world. R. H. Stoddard, the poet, is being held a position in the "Debenture Room." R. B. Coffin (better known as "Barry Gray") is in the "Auditor's Department." Louis Gaylord Clark, of the Knickerbocker Magazine; Richard Grant White, the Shakspearian scholar; John Savage, the poet and dramatist, and Charles F. Briggs, of the Sunday Courier, have each come in for a share of the "spoils of office." J. C. Derby, long at the head of a publishing house in this city, wends his way to the government building every morning. C. D. Thompson represents the artists in the service of Uncle Sam.

MR. BEECHER'S BEGINNING.—H. Ward Beecher has made one speech in England, at the opening of a new chapel. In it he says: "I began my ministry in a church in the wilderness, where there were nineteen women and one man, and I wished him out more times than one. [Laughter.] They were the saints, and he was the sinner. [Renewed laughter] I was at that time sexton and general undertaker for the church. I swept it, I bought the lamps, and lit them; I would have rung the bell, but there was none. [Laughter and applause.] I did the preaching, was superintendent of the Sabbath school, and did everything else there was to do; and though many years have passed, and I have seen other scenes, I have never had happier hours since." [Cheers.]

☞ Coal tar, it is said, will drive all the flies out of a room, by putting a small quantity in any part of it.

MISS M. E. BRADDON AND THE LONDON PUBLISHERS.—At the Hall [illegible] Court, a bookseller and publisher named Chas. Hodgson, of Fleet street, City of London, and now of Hull, appeared to his discharge from bankruptcy. The "Bankruptcy debts amount to £36 19s. 7½d., and in the course of his examination it transpired that in the year 1860, he engaged Miss [illegible] Braddon, the popular authoress of "Lady Audley's Secret," and "Aurora Floyd," to write a novel for him, to be entitled "Henry Dunbar, or the Secret of the Bloody Hand." Miss Braddon was at this time on an engagement with the Queen's Theatre, Hull, and played one night in every week. She was, however, introduced to the gentlemen on the occasion of her first appearance on the stage, and was then presented with several odes which were delivered on public occasions. This brought her into notice, and while she was staying at Beverley Fair she published occasional poems, which brought Mr. Hodgson, the bankrupt, into communication with her to write him a novel. "Three Times Dead," was the result. Mr. Hodgson said that if Miss Braddon had written "three times dead" was that London publishers invariably attempted to crush any work published in the provinces. There being no opposition to the bankrupt, he was allowed to pass his examination, and an order of discharge was granted.

☞ Plato being told that some calumniator had spoken ill of him, said: "It matters not; I will endeavor so to live, that no one shall believe them."

☞ An old lady in Pennsylvania had a great aversion to rye, and would never eat it in any form. "Till of late," said she, "they have got to making it into whiskey, and I can, now and then, worry down a little."

☞ A man in New Hampshire had the misfortune recently to lose his wife. Over her grave he caused a stone to be placed, on which, in the depth of his grief he had ordered to be inscribed, "Tears cannot restore her—therefore I weep."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to commend them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	30.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscribers and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected now at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2.00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names ($30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

NEWS ITEMS.

BLACKBERRIES are the only luxury of the soldier at present. Virginia is one vast blackberry field, and it is said, in consequence of living on this diet, the army never was in a better sanitary condition. The surgeons say that since the army has returned to Virginia, the free use of blackberries had saved the government nearly a million of dollars in medical and hospital stores.

THE REV. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS said recently, in an open air address, at Belfast, Ireland, that though he had been a great traveller, he had "never anywhere encountered so much religious profession with as little religious vitality as he had seen among the Presbyterians of Scotland and Ulster." A Rev. Mr. Hanna then posted a notice that he would confront Mr. Guinness and make him retract or substantiate his statements. The Mayor of Belfast informed Mr. Guinness that there was likely to be a "danger to the peace of the city," and requested him to postpone his meetings. Mr. Guinness did so, and thus order was preserved, the religion of Scotland and Ulster vindicated, and the inestimable privilege of "free speech" shown to be held in high esteem.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—The Dubuque Times says that never since Iowa has been settled by the white man have prairie chickens been as numerous as at the present season. In Buchanan and Blackhawk counties they can be killed with stones and clubs, and hunting them with guns is next to no sport at all. So plenty are they that the farmers importune hunters to try their luck on their grounds, and in some instances they have manifested a willingness to pay for the killing.

ARTIFICIAL ICE.—A great degree of cold is produced by a mixture of saltpetre and Glauber Salts, and there are now manufactured in England and exported to India, &c., in large quantities, chemical mixtures known as freezing powder, by means of which five pounds of rough ice can be produced in fifteen minutes, at a cost of about 4d. per pound. This powder, introduced into a little machine, invented by the same person, may be used upon the table to ice wine or water with the greatest celerity. A bottle of champagne may be iced in ten minutes for 3d. So great is the intensity of cold produced, that the sparkling contents of the bottle may be actually transformed into a spongy mass.—*Scientific American.*

EXCUSE THAT DID NOT ANSWER.—A conscript appeared before the Board of Enrolment, a day or two since, and desired to be exempted forthwith, that he might return to his country home. "What are your claims?" demanded the doctor. "I'm entirely dependant upon my mother for support," was the innocent reply. Whereupon the doctor assured him that the Government would immediately relieve his mother of so unsuitable a burthen.

REMEDY FOR SMALLPOX.—The Surgeon-Major of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, writes to the London Times, that the root of the pitcher plant is a specific for this disease. An ounce of the root is sliced and infused in a quart of water and allowed to simmer down to a pint, and given in two table spoonsful doses every four hours, while the patient is well nourished with beef tea and arrowroot.

EXTENT OF THE UNIVERSE.—It may give some idea of the extensiveness of the universe to know the length of the time required for light, which travels 194,000 miles to a second, to come to this earth. From the moon it comes in one and a quarter seconds; from the sun, in eight minutes; from Jupiter, in fifty-two minutes; Uranus, in two hours; from a star of the first magnitude, three to twelve years; from a star of the fifth magnitude, sixty years; from a star of the twelth magnitude, four thousand years. Light which left a star of the twelfth magnitude when the Israelites left Egypt has not reached the earth. Our entire solar system itself travels at the rate of thirty-five thousand miles an hour among the fixed stars.

THE CAPTURES OF GEN. GRANT.—Gen. Grant reports to headquarters that he has paroled 31,000 men, and sent 8,000 north as prisoners—making 39,000 captured by him since the 1st of April. In addition to the 5,000 head of cattle, and 500,000 rounds of ammunition captured near Natchez, he has taken over 2,000 mules.

THE pay of a rebel soldier, owing to the depreciation of Confederate money, is virtually but one dollar per month.

HE WEARS HER NEAR HIS HEART.—Samuel Burns gave his name at the First District as a substitute. On examination the letters B. C. were handsomely marked upon his breast. When asked, if his name was Samuel Burns, what was the meaning of the above letters, with a twinkle of the eye he exclaimed, "*that's for Bridget Connally*, my sweetheart."—*Providence Journal.*

BLUE EYES VS. BLACK.—Among the memorabilia of the Wimbledon Volunteer Meeting this bit of information has reached us. The prize-winners have all been July or blue eyed men. What time, this will go far to establish the inferior practical usefulness of dark eyes, just as their comparative moral qualities were depreciated years ago by Dr. Leask, who wrote, "Men with gray eyes are generally keen, energetic, and at first cold; but you may depend upon their sympathy with real sorrow. Search the ranks of our benevolent men, and you will agree with me." If light-eyed men are more quick sighted, as well as more keen, energetic, and benevolent, we would not be surprised. The theory, so far as shooting is concerned, is verified so far as my own observation goes; for Lord Elcho, Lord Bury, Mr. Jopling, and other crack shots, have all eyes of the favorite colour; and the fact is perhaps worth remembering, when a country comes to decide between two or more competitors of almost equal skill, who are willing to represent their brethren in arms at the annual symposium.—*Illustrated London Times.*

☞ DO THE SOLDIERS DESTROY OR WASTE THEIR BIBLES?—Rev. Jos. Scudder, post chapain at Fort Columbus, Governor's Island, New York, says:—"For a year I was on the field, attached to a volunteer regiment. During that time we marched many hundreds of miles. The marches on the Peninsula were so severe that the men stripped themselves of almost everything, even to their coats; and yet I never saw a Testament thrown away. I have searched frequently in hopes of picking up one as a relic, but I have never found one."

THE NEW MAIL REGULATIONS.

In order that our readers may have a full understanding of the changes in postal matters effected by the new law, which went into operation on the 1st of the present month, we give below a condensed summary of those of its provisions of which it is necessary for persons using the mails to "take due notice and govern themselves accordingly:"

1. The rate of postage on all domestic mail letters to be carried any distance within the United States is now three cents per half ounce or fraction thereof, to be prepaid by stamps. The former rate of ten cents to California, Oregon, and Washington Territories is abolished.

2. All local or drop letters must hereafter be prepaid by stamps, at the rate of two cents for every half ounce or fraction thereof, instead of one cent each, as heretofore.

3. The postage on transient newspapers and periodicals, sent in one package to one address, is now two cents for each four ounces or each fraction thereof, to be prepaid by stamps; on books, double that rate. The postage on single transient newspapers not weighing over four ounces is now two cents.

4. The rate of postage on circulars is now as follows:—Three or any less number may be sent, unsealed, to one address, at the single rate of two cents, and in that proportion for a greater number, adding one rate for every three circulars directed to one address. They can no longer be sent at the former rate of one cent each. No extra charge is now made for business cards stamped or printed on the envelopes of circulars.

5. The former carriers' fee of one cent on each letter delivered is abolished. Hereafter, carriers collect nothing, except such unpaid postage as may be due on the letters delivered by them.

6. The extra one-cent stamp formerly required on all letters deposited in lamp-post boxes and branch stations is no longer necessary.

7. All communications to any officer or department of the Government, (including the President,) written by a private citizen, whether on "official business" or otherwise, must now be prepaid by stamps.

8. A fee of twenty cents (instead of five, as heretofore,) must hereafter be paid on each registered letter in addition to the postage.

9. The letter cannot be forwarded without a charge of extra postage when it has once been mailed according to its original address.

There is now no use for one-cent postage stamps.

Singular Accidents at Morris Island.

A member of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment was seated in the trenches a few days since, leaning against the earthwork, with his back toward Fort Wagner. A solid shot from one of the rebel guns struck the thick embankment behind him, and though no visible effect was produced upon the surface of the parapet, the soldier was instantly paralyzed and rendered utterly helpless. He was removed to the hospital, and, although there were no marks of injury about him, he lived only two days.

The sand-bags which protect the soldiers find adequate shelter from the bursting shells, and it is only through carelessness or neglect that any are injured. A private in the Ninth Maine Regiment was sitting secured in one of these diminutive rat holes the other day, but in a moment of bravado he thrust out his leg. He had scarcely straightened himself when his left leg was taken off at the knee.

☞ The season's receipts of the hotels at Niagara Falls are said to exceed that of any former year. The hotels are all full and running over. There are large numbers of Cubans, Spaniards, and South Americans stopping at the Cataract House.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour continues dull and drooping. There is very little inquiry for export, and only 7000 bbls found buyers at $5@5.50 for common and good superfine, $5.75@6.87½ for extras, $6@6.50 for extra fancy, $7@7.25 for fancy brands, and $8@8.50 for high grade do. The bulk of the sales are of Western extra and extra family, within the range of $6@6.87½, the latter for good Ohio. Rye Flour comes in slowly, and sells in a small way at $4.75@5 ₱ bbl, the latter for better brands. Corn Meal is scarce, but the demand for it is very small at $4 for Pennsylvania and $4.20 ₱ bbl for Brandywine.

GRAIN comes in slowly, but the demand for Wheat has fallen off, and the market is dull and 3@5c lower, with sales of 35,000 bus at from 110 to 132c for inferior to good and choice new reds, 130 to 140c for old do, closing at 130c for new and 136c for old, and from 107 to 109c for fair to good and choice white—the latter for Kentucky. Rye is scarce, and selling on arrival at 103@105c. Corn is better and the demand good, with sales of some 60,000 bus at 80@ 80c for yellow, and 75@77c for Western mixed. Oats—new are arriving more freely, and prices are unsettled and lower; about 40,000 bus were disposed of at 45c measure, and 50@60c weight, closing dull at 53@55c; old Oats are not so plenty, and selling at 70@72c for 32 lbs. Barley and Malt remain quiet, and the latter, sales are reported at 165@166c for prime New York, and 175c for choice Canada.

PROVISIONS.—There is a firmer feeling in both Mess Pork, but very little doing in the way of sales; prices range at $14@15 for Mess Pork, and $13@16 ₱ bbl for Western and city Mess Beef. Bacon moves off slowly; the demand is chiefly for Hams; prices range at 11@13c, the latter for fancy bagged. Sides and Shoulders are nominally unchanged, and green Meats quiet. Lard is firm, with further small sales of Hams, in salt, at 8½@8¾c, and Shoulders at 8½@8¾c. Lard is firm, with further small sales of tierce at 10@10¼c, Grease 8¾c, and bags at 9@12c. Butter is dull, with small sales at 13@18c for Penna and Ohio, and 20@ 22c for New York. Cheese is steady at 10@12c, and prime lots of eggs are worth 19c ₱ dozen.

COTTON.—The demand has fallen off and the market is dull and unsettled; a few small sales only are reported at 67@69c, for middlings.

ASHES continue steady but very quiet at previous quotations.

BARK.—The demand for Quercitron is good, with sales of about 150 hhds in lots, at $30 for No 1, including some of a favorite brand at $35 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is unchanged.

BEESWAX is quiet and quoted at 42@43c ₱ lb.

COAL.—Orders come in slowly, and with moderate receipts and stocks for the season, the market is dull and unsettled.

COFFEE.—The market is firm, and the sales are limited to a few small lots, mostly Rio, within the range of 26@29c, and Java at 33@34c, cash and 6 mos.

COFFER.—There is nothing doing in Sheathing to alter quotations. For Yellow Metal the demand is also limited at 58c, 6 months, for sheets.

FEATHERS are inactive and prices steady at 47@48c ₱ lb for Western.

FRUIT.—Green Fruit is plenty and lower, with free sales of Peaches and Apples. Prices of the former range at from 50c to $1 ₱ bkt.

HAY moves off more freely at 90@100c the 100 lbs.

HEMP.—There is little or no stock here, and the market is dull.

HIDES are unchanged and the sales in a small way only at 18@20c ₱ lb.

IRON continues dull, there is very little demand for Pig Metal, but makers ask $30@32 for the three numbers of Anthracite, the latter for good No 1, although there is some offering at 28½ ₱ ton. Scotch Pig is held at $36@37 without sales.

LEAD is unsettled and lower, with sales of 1200 pigs Galena at $7.40 the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER.—The receipts and sales are moderate, and the market steady at $21½@22 for White Pine, and $20@23 for Yellow Pine Boards. Of Soft Hemlock Scantling, sales are reported at $16, and Boards at $13; White Pine Shingles range at $4@$4.25 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is very quiet, and no sales of any moment are reported.

PLASTER comes in slowly, and sells on arrival at $4 ₱ ton.

RICE.—The demand is limited, and 200 bags sold at 7¼@7¾c for Rangoon.

SEEDS.—There is little doing in Clover-seed to alter quotations. Some of the dealers are buying at $6@6.50 ₱ bus. Of Timothy 500 bus have been disposed of at $2.60@2.50 ₱ bus. Flaxseed—The new crop is beginning to arrive, and sells at 92c ₱ bus.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin are quiet and prices about the same. N. E. Rum sells slowly at 65@66c. Whisky is rather firmer, the latter selling at 47@47½c, the latter in a small way; bbls at 46c, and drudge at 45@45½c.

SUGAR.—The market is firm and rather more active, sales of 600 hhds, mostly Cuba, are reported at 10@11c, on the usual terms.

TALLOW is quiet but firm, with a fair demand for city at 10@10¼c ₱ lb, and country at 9@9¼c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO.—There is no new feature, and little or nothing doing in the way of sales.

WOOL.—The new clip comes in slowly, and the market is dull and drooping. About 10,000 lbs have been disposed of 67@73c nett, mostly at 70c for fine fleece.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 6000 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 11 cts ₱ lb, 156 Cows brought from $30 to 35 ₱ head, 5000 Sheep were sold at from 4½ to 5½c ₱ lb gross. 4200 Hogs at from $7.00 to 7.75 ₱ cwt net.

ONE WORD TO THE MISERABLES.

You that are covered with Sores, Ulcers, and skin eruptions, suffering from Salt Rheum, Ring-worms, Pustules, Tetters, Blotches, and other marks of disfigurement that are repulsive to the sight and companionship of society; you that have tried the many mixtures of Sarsaparilla, and which failed to cure you, if you would be cured, take RADWAY'S CLEANSING SYRUP, called Radway's Renovating Resolvent. We guarantee that from one to six bottles will cure you. Dr. Radway's theory is, that if six bottles of any advertised medicine does not furnish to the sick satisfactory evidence of cure, it is worthless.

"Sold by Druggists."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In New York, Aug. 12th, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Milton Badger, D.D., Dr. JAMES B. CUTTER, U. S. A., to Miss KITTIE S. TAINTE, being of the same age and name, and married on the same day of the month, and by the same clergyman as her mother, 39 years since, and second daughter of J. F. TAINTE, Esq., of New York.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. GEORGE SHERIDAN, to Miss CATHARINE MAGEE, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Morais, Mr. H. A. BRITTON, to Miss LEAH D'ANCONA, both of this city.

On the 26th of July, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. JOSEPH F. COBB, to Miss MARTHA FULLMER, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Jas. De Wolfe Perry, Richard F. Loper, U. S. N., to Helen, daughter of Edward C. Dowling, Esq., of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. WILLIAM DOWNEY, to Miss MARGARET E. THOMAS, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. RICHARD S. YOUNG, to Miss ANNE C. CLARK, both of this city.

On the 30th of July, by the Rev. John Kelly, Mr. WILLIAM J. CLARK, to Miss MARY A. LARKINS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, ELIZABETH V., daughter of John H. and the late Sarah D. Curtis.

On the 12th instant, WILLIAM F. MURPHY, in his 63d year.

On the 11th instant, JOHN KNOX, in his 56th year.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. MARGARET ELLIS, aged 55 years.

On the 11th instant, MARGARET, wife of Jas. Bardsley, aged 24 years.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. LYDIA, wife of Wm. Summers, in her 52d year.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. ANN CHAPMAN, in her 82d year.

On the 9th instant, JOHN HOBB, in his 44th year.

On the 9th instant, WILLIAM, son of Jacob and the late ELIZABETH FRY, in his 20th year.

On the 9th instant, EDWARD R. JONES, aged 49 years.

On the 8th instant, ROBERT MORROW, in his 33d year.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. MARTHA, wife of Robert Pollock, in her 77th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 15, 1863.

Alabama	50 dis.	Mississippi,	—
Canada,	44 prem.	Missouri,	3 dis.
Connecticut,	1 dis.	New Brunswick,	2½ prem.
Delaware,	par.	New Hampshire,	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia,	1 dis.	New Jersey,	par to 1 dis.
Florida,	— dis.	New York City,	par to 1 dis.
Georgia,	— dis.	New York State,	par to 1 dis.
Illinois,	3 dis.	North Carolina,	20 dis.
Indiana,	1 to 1 dis.	Nova Scotia,	17 prem.
Iowa,	1 dis.	Ohio,	1 dis.
Kansas,	— dis.	Penney vania,	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky,	1 dis.	Rhode Island,	1 dis.
Louisiana,	10 dis.	South Carolina,	20 dis.
Maine,	1 dis.	Tennessee,	10 dis.
Maryland,	½ to 1 dis.	Texas,	—
Massachusetts,	1 dis.	Vermont,	1 dis.
Michigan,	1½ dis.	Virginia,	50 dis.
Minnesota,	—	Wisconsin,	1 dis.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER, 413 Nassau St., N. Y.

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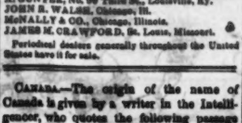
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

CANADA.—The origin of the name of Canada is given by a writer in the Intelligencer, who quotes the following passage from a book printed in London in the year 1696, written by L. Hennepin, and entitled "A New Discovery of a Country Greater than Europe:" "The Spaniards were the first who discovered Canada; but at their arrival, having found nothing considerable in it, they abandoned the country, and called it *It Capo di Nada;* that is, a cape of nothing; hence by corruption sprung the word Canada, which we use in all our maps."

☞ "Whipping the devil round the stump," is now rendered thus:—"His Napoleon majesty is being flagellated about the unearthed remnant of a fallen tree."



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SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," &c., &c., has removed to

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500 WONDERS OF THE WORLD.—Wonders and Mysteries.—Gold and Silver—Love, Courtship, &c.—The Hunter's Secret—Angler's Secret, and a host of other Secrets, worth a fortune to any one, all sent free for 25 cts. Address J. W. STEPHENS, Morristown, N. J. aug29-9t

DR. TOBIAS' VENITIAN HORSE LINIMENT, put bottles at fifty cents each, for lameness, cuts, galls, colic, sprains, &c., warranted cheaper than any other. It is used by all the great horsemen on Long Island courses. It will not cure ring bone nor spavin, as there is no liniment in existence that will.—What it is stated to cure it positively does. *No owner of horses will be without it after trying one bottle.* One dose relieves and often saves the life of horses wheated or driven home. For colic and belly-ache it has never failed. Just as sure as the sun rises, just so sure is this valuable Liniment to be the Horse embrocation of the day.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists. aug22-ecow2t

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My UNGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without a stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.

A CONSUPTIVE CURED.

DR. H. JAMES, a retired Physician of great eminence, discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. After his wife was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured and is now alive and well. Actuated by motives of philanthropy to his fellow mortals, he will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, free, on receipt of two stamps. It is a vegetable compound, is not a single ingredient obtainable; but it does not at once take hold of and eradicate. Night sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, sudden expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles.

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AT REDUCED PRICES.

OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

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The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with valuable improvements at the following reduced

PRICES:

No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with Full Case, Polished Rosewood,	$100,00
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Plain Table,	65,00
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[The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE POST—*see Prospectus.* We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

FICKARDT'S CATTLE POWDER.

The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the sections of your HORSES, CATTLE and HOGS in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder.

Prepared only by
WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

CHLOASMA, OR MOTH PATCHES AND FRECKLES.

Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discolored spots on the skin show more strongly on blondes than on brunettes, but they contribute greatly in marring the beauty on either; and anything that will remove moth patches without injuring the skin in texture or color, would no doubt be considered a great achievement in medical science. Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, New York, having devoted his whole time and attention to Diseases of the Skin, will guaranty to remove Moth Patches, Freckles and other discolorations from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. His success in this, as in other branches of his specialty—DISEASES OF THE SCALP and LOSS OF HAIR—will warrant him in guaranteeing a CURE IN EVERY CASE. For particulars address, enclosing stamp,

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NOT ALCOHOLIC!

A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED VEGETABLE EXTRACT.

A PURE TONIC.

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

Prepared by

DR. C. M. JACKSON,

Will effect cures in

Chronic Diseases of the Liver,

Chronic Diseases of the Stomach,

Chronic Diseases of the Kidneys,

And all the painful Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach or Kidneys.

NO ALCOHOL

IN THE COMPOSITION OF

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

THEY CONTAIN THE PURE MEDICAL VIRTUES OF ROOTS, HERBS AND BARKS.

FROM REV. J. NEWTON BRUNT, P. E. CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

Dr. JACKSON—Dear Sir:—I have been frequently requested to give a certificate of the medicinal virtues of different kinds of medicine, but, regarding the practice as out of my appropriate province, I have generally declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my general custom, to express my full confidence in the general character of the remedy, and especially for Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, in which forms cases meet it may fail but seldom, and I believe it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours truly, J. NEWTON BRUNT.

Eighth below Coates Street, Phila.

FROM THE REV. JOB E. KENNARD, PASTOR OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Dr. JACKSON—Dear Sir:—I have been frequently requested to give my opinion of the medicinal virtues of different kinds of medicine, but, regarding the practice as out of my appropriate province, I have generally declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my general custom, to express my full confidence in the general character of the remedy, and especially for Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, in which forms cases most it may fail but seldom, and I believe it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours truly, J. KENNARD.

Eighth below Coates Street, Phila.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, and sold at the cheapest whiskey or common rum, costing from 25 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Cochineal Bitters.

This class of Bitters has caused, and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, thousands to find a drunkard's life and death.

To those who desire and WILL HAVE a Liquor Bitters, we recommend the use of DR. HOOFLAND'S BOTTLE OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, PURE OLD RYE WHISKEY, OR FRENCH BRANDY OR WHISKEY, and the result will be a preparation that will PLEASE the most fastidious taste and true excellence only of the above Liquors. You will have all the virtues of HOOFLAND'S BITTERS, and a preparation that will SUIT the taste, at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!

AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having or friends having Diseases arising from Impure Blood, to DR. JACKSON'S Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases under the sun. Many persons are writing to Dr. Jackson, from the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick from the front, that a very large proportion are suffering from diseases of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. Many persons writing to Dr. Jackson say that the digestive organs are speedily removed. We have no hesitation in stating that if Hoofland's Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise will be lost.

We call particular attention to the following remarks, also to the well authenticated cures of many of our fellow heroes, whose life, to use his own language, "has been saved by the Bitters."

PHILADELPHIA, August 23d, 1862.

MESSRS. JONES & EVANS:—Well, sent once, your Hoofland's German Bitters has saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, many of whom came at my solicitation, who were fully cognizant of all the circumstances of my case. I was, and have been for the last four years, a member of Sherman's celebrated battery, and under the immediate command of Captain R. B. Hexamer. Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with Inflammation on the Lungs, and was for seventy-two days in bed, long in a state of insensibility, and for a month confined to the house. I was finally removed from the White House and sent to this city on board the hospital steamer Daniel Webster, from which I landed on the 20th of June. Since that time I have been about as well as any one could be, and retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarce a breath in my body, and reduced to a skeleton. I gave down, it was immediately thrown up again.

I could not keep a drop of water on my stomach. Life could not last under these circumstances; and believing my case hopeless, I gave up all hope of recovery. Through mere necessity, to rescue me from the grasp of the dread archer, frankly told me they owed it to me to do more for me, and ordered me to get up and to make such disposition of my limited funds as my best suited me. As a specimen of nursing I met in the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinbron, of Sixth below Arch Street, advised me to procure a bottle of your Bitters, and kindly procured a bottle. From the time I commenced to take the Bitters I never ceased to do gain recorded, and I am now thankful for it, getting better, as we said, daily. I have gained in flesh some fifteen pounds, and I see sanguine of being permitted to rejoin my wife and family, from whom I have been absent for a year and eight months (for particulars see Surgeon's report), and to see those who are dearest to me in life.

Very truly yours, ISAAC MALONE

We fully concur in the truth of the above statements of Isaac Malone, and would recommend the Bitters to all in like condition.

GEORGE A. ACKLEY, 1st New York Battery.
GEORGE A. ACKLEY, Co. C, Seventh Maine.
LEWIS URFALIER, Ninety-Second New York.
JOHN A. ACKLEY, 1st New York Battery.
J. H. FARNWELL, Co. B, Third Vermont.
HENRY B. JEROME, 7th Regt. New Hampshire.
HENRY T. MACDONALD, Co. C, Sixth Maine.
HENRY BARD and Co. C, Fifth Maine.
HERMAN KOCH, Co. H, Seventy-second New York.
THOMAS WEST, H. Thomas, Co. C, Ninety-First Penna.
ANDREW J. KIMBALL, Co. A, Third Vermont.
JOHN CORNELIUS, Co. A, Seventy-Fifth Penna.

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See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the WRAPPER of each bottle.

PRICE PER BOTTLE 50 CENTS.
Or HALF DOZEN FOR $2.

Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the contemptible preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward the same, packed carefully, by return mail.

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No. 631 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
JONES & EVANS,
(Successor to C. M. Jackson & Co.,)
Proprietors.

☞ For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States. aug8-ecow3

Wit and Humor.

A MADMAN'S HINT.

An English gentleman of fortune visited a lunatic asylum, where the treatment consisted chiefly in forcing the patients to stand in tubs of cold water: those slightly affected, up to the knees; others, whose cases were graver, up to the middle; while persons very seriously ill, were immersed up to the neck. The visitor entered into conversation with one of the patients, who appeared to have some curiosity to know how the stranger passed his time out of doors.

"I have horses and greyhounds for coursing," said the latter, in reply to the other's question.

"Ah! they are very expensive."

"Yes, they cost me a great deal of money in the year, but they are the best of their kind."

"Have you anything more?"

"Yes, I have a pack of hounds for hunting the fox."

"And they cost a great deal, too?"

"A very great deal. And I have birds for hawking."

"I see; birds for hunting birds. And these swell up the expenses, I dare say?"

"You may say that, for they are not common in this country. And then, I sometimes go out alone with my gun, accompanied by a setter and retriever."

"And these are expensive, too?"

"Of course. After all, it is not the animals of themselves that run away with the money —there must be men, you know, to feed and look after them, houses to lodge them in—in short, the whole sporting establishment."

"I see, I see. You have horses, hounds, setters, retrievers, hawks, men—and all for the capture of foxes and birds. What an enormous revenue they must cost you!—Now, what I want to know is this—what return do they pay? What does your year's sporting produce?"

"Why, we kill a fox now and then—only they are getting rather scarce hereabouts—and we seldom bag less than fifty brace of birds each season."

"Hark!" said the lunatic, looking anxiously around him. "My friend (in an earnest whisper), there is a gate behind you; take my advice and get out of this while you are safe. Don't let the doctor get his eyes upon you. He ducks us to some purpose; but, as sure as you are a living man, he will drown you."

The gentleman looked serious as he passed on. Perhaps he thought that he was as mad as the inmates of the asylum.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—A good washing fluid may be made of hot water and plenty of soap.

Sweetmeats may be kept a long time by putting them in a safe place, and never setting them upon the table.

A plenty of fresh, sweet butter, and a good appetite, will keep bread from mouldling.

Children's dresses wear longer by letting them reach to their ankles.

Woolen rags should always be washed in sweet oil before they are made into flannel cakes.

Pork should always be salted down—never up.

A regard for decency requires that salad should be dressed before it makes its appearance at the table.

Milk that has stood for some time should be permitted to sit down.

Carpets will prove more durable if you take care not to tread upon them.

A KENTUCKY ANECDOTE.—A gentleman owned a slave, who was a very intelligent fellow, and a Universalist. On one occasion he illustrated the intellectual character of his religion in the following manner:—A certain slave had obtained a license of the Baptists to preach. He was holding forth in the presence of many of his colored brethren at one time, when he undertook to describe the process of Adam's creation. Said he: "When God made Adam, He stooped down, scraped up a little dirt, wet it a little, warm in the hands, and squeeze it in the right shape, and den lean it up against the fence to dry—" "Top dere," said our Universalist darkey. "You say dat arv de fust man ebber made." "Sartain," said the preacher. "Den," said the other, "jes tell a feller whar dat arv fence come from!" "Hush!" said the preacher, "two more questions like dat would spile all the feology in de world!"

DON'T STAND THE TEST.—Many proverbs admit of contradiction, as witness the following:—"The more the merrier." Not so; one hand is enough in a purse. "Nothing but what has an end." Not so: a ring has none, for it is round. "Money is a great comfort." Not when it brings a thief to the gallows. "The world is a long journey." Not so: the sun goes over it every day. "It is a great way to the bottom of the sea." Not so: it is but a stone's cast. "A friend is best found in adversity." Not so: for then there is none to be found. "The pride of the rich makes the labor of the poor." Not so: the labor of the poor makes the pride of the rich.

☞ "No pains will be spared," as the quack said when sawing off a poor fellow's leg to cure him of the rheumatism.

BADLY HIT BY A RECENT BALL.

MAMMA.—"Yes, Doctor. She will sit for hours without speaking a word. She persists in wearing the same dress, and won't part with the bouquet!"

DOCTOR.—"Hm—well, let's see—we must first get *the ball out of her head*, and then perhaps the nervous system may right itself!"

YOU CAN DO IT.—"As a pedestrian tourist," says the Orleannais, "was lately proceeding towards Tours, he was asked by a man who was breaking stones by the roadside how long it would take him to reach that place? The man looked at him without speaking, and then resumed his work. The question was repeated with the same result, and at last the traveller walked on. He had not proceeded more than a hundred yards when the man called after him, and made a sign for him to return. When the pedestrian reached the stone breaker, the latter said to him:—'It will take you an hour to reach Tours.' 'Then why did you not tell me so at first?' said the traveller. 'Why,' replied the man, 'it was necessary for me first to see at what rate you walked; and from the way you step out, I am now able to say, that you can do the distance in an hour.'"

A SAFE PREDICTION.—Uncle Moses Bump was vastly weatherwise. One awfully dry summer, when the parched earth had not been blessed with a shower for six weeks, a neighbor sent his son on errand to Uncle Moses, and strictly enjoined him that before he came away he must get the old man's opinion concerning the probable duration of the drouth. So before leaving him, he told him that his father wished to know what he thought of the weather. Uncle Moses went out, and, after a long and careful inspection of the brassy sky, said:—"Well, Stephen, thee may tell thy father that if we don't get rain in the course of three or four weeks, we shall have a remarkably dry time."

Agricultural.

FARMING IN FLORIDA.

From "Notes on Florida," by H. T. Williams, in the Country Gentleman, we copy the following statement of what a farmer may do in Florida:—

After the settler has chosen ground for a residence, in January he can plant his early vegetables, and by March and April gather them and send them to market. After this has been done, he can plant his sugar-cane, corn and sweet potatoes, or any other crop. In the fall he can plant his root crop and gather his corn and sugar-cane, and at the end of the year gather his root crops. The profits from the sale of his early vegetables will be several hundred dollars, from his corn and sugar-cane $600 to $1,000 more, and from his root crops several hundred more. During all this time his family need not be idle, but if they live where the gherkin grows wild, they can gather and make pickles, which sell for cash in Northern markets, or they can attend to silk, and this, together with the gherkin, will make several hundred more. He can also during this time plant his fruit trees, such as the orange, &c., and also a piece of ground for arrow-root, and within five years he will be receiving a yearly income of several thousand dollars. Any order may be used, but if a person employs his time both summer and winter judiciously, I can guarantee to him a yearly income of over one thousand dollars, and in very many instances several thousand. But suffice it to say that there is no lack of articles to cultivate, in the culture of which much money can be made, and there is plenty of soil suitable for them. The whole year can be employed in the cultivation of profitable crops.

☞ A Western editor says of a hail storm on the lake in his vicinity, that it came so suddenly that the pilot looked round to see which one of the passengers was throwing stones at him.

WOMEN FARMERS.

Some time since we copied an article written by Miss Della Roberts, of Pekin, Niagara county, New York, in reply to objections of a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker against women engaging in the out-door labor of the farm. A late number of the same journal contains an account, by Mr. Henry Wright, of a visit to the farm of Marvin Roberts, father of Della, from which we copy the following statement of the large amount of labor performed by a family of girls:

From the middle of April to this time (two months) the following work has been done:—One hundred acres of oats have been put in, which now look very promising; thirty-five acres of flax, and this, at present, bids fair to give a good yield, (There is an establishment for *cottonizing* flax in successful operation at Lockport, ten miles 'east.) Ten acres of corn; ten acres of spring wheat; three acres of potatoes; four of parsnips and carrots; six of beans; and all the plouging, harrowing, sowing, rolling, planting, and cultivating necessary to get these crops in and up to the present state, has been done since the middle of April.

At least *one-half* of all this labor of getting in these one hundred and seventy acres of crops has been done by the five young daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, with the help of two hired girls. The eldest of these seven girls is twenty-one, and the youngest twelve years. Meantime, the house-work has been done, mainly, by these girls by turns. They consider it a privilege to work out-doors at ploughing, and harrowing, and putting in, and tending the crops, rather than work in the house. These crops are to be tended and harvested, together with forty acres of hay; and these girls are expected to do at least one-half of the work.

Besides all this, one hundred and seventy-five acres are to be ploughed this fall, for next year's crops, instead of ploughing in the spring, as they have formerly done; the largest share of this to be done by these young girls. It is a matter of choice in these *Yankee* girls.—for Yankee girls they are, by parentage—thus to work on the farm, rather than in factories or at sewing.

HOW TO SHARPEN A SCYTHE.

"Mower" writes to the American Agriculturist:—To properly grind and wet a scythe requires some little practical skill, in the attainment of which the beginner may be assisted by a few hints. The cutting edge of a scythe or similar instrument, when examined by a microscope, shows numerous fine projecting points or a series of minute wedges which are to be driven into the substance operated on, to separate the adjoining parts. In order that they may enter the more readily, these points should incline in the direction of the stroke given with the blade of the instrument. In cutting with the scythe the edge strikes the grass at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and hence the grinding should be done so as to have the points set to that direction to the blade. This is done by keeping the blade firmly upon the stone, with the point drawn toward the body of the holder, at the above mentioned angle with the edge of the stone. Commence to grind at the heel and move it steadily along as the work progresses, until the point is reached, then grind the other side in the same manner.

Never rub the scythe back and forth upon the stone, as though endeavoring to whet it. The revolution of the stone will wear away the steel much better than rubbing it in this manner, by which the edge is likely to be made rounding, and to be set irregularly. It is preferable to hold the scythe so that the stone will revolve toward the edge. In this way the holder can see when the edge is reached, and the particles ground off are carried away clean. In the opposite method of grinding there is danger of making a "feather" edge which will readily crumble off, and leave the scythe almost or quite as dull as before. The blade should be ground equally on both sides. In wetting a scythe, lay the rifle or whetstone flat against the side of the blade, and give a light, quick stroke downward and forward in the direction of the edge, so that the scratches it makes shall keep the points set in the same direction as given them by grinding. By following these simple suggestions a scythe may be made to hold its edge twice as long as when the rifle is drawn along the edge almost at random. A few strokes carefully given will enable the workmen to keep the right direction and wet rapidly."

☞ Clean out poultry houses, and sprinkle plaster or charcoal dust in the building, to prevent offensive odors during the warm weather.

THE FADING PHOTOGRAPH.

It was glossy and brown, and clear and bright,
Oh, her large deep eyes and her queenly brow,
Her torrent of curls, and her proud, proud lip,
They were true to the life.—I can see them now.

Those great dark eyes were my magnet stars;
There was the lip so sweet and red;
There was the brow, broad, white and pure;
And that was the way that she hung her head.

Ten years ago, and now, like our love,
It has faded, as snow in the latter spring;
Through a dreamy cloud I still see her face,
But day by day, it is vanishing.

Alas! it was bleached by the cruel sun,
Blurred and spotted, and pale and faint,
Till it looks like the ghost of our bygone love,
Or the phantom face of some dying saint.

'Tis strange that love, that is God's own gift,
Should fade away like the summer rose,
And this poor frail thing be left as a type
Of that flower of the heart that should never close.

YOUR LIKENESS.

Some children went into a saloon with their father to have their photographs taken. The two little girls had theirs, and George's turn came next. The man told him where to stand, how to place his hands, and which way to look; to hold up his head, fix his eye on a certain point, and keep still. His cap had fallen on the floor, and at the very moment his picture was being taken, his little sister stepped forward to pick it up, when George gave her a kick, and such a look! Well, that look was taken; and the likenesses were all put up in little cases, and sent home.

"This my George?" exclaimed his mother, on examining the pictures, and coming to his. "Horrid!" cried his eldest brother, "horrid!" "Whose cross, scowling face is that?" asked Uncle Ned, when the pictures were shown to him. "What young savage is this?" asked Aunt Emily, when they were shown to her. As you may suppose, George was terribly ashamed of his picture; he was so mortified at having it seen with the rest, that he did not know what to do. A more disagreeable picture, perhaps, you never saw; and the worst of it was, there was no mistake about its being a true copy. The sun does not make mistakes. And then to have it always kept and shown as his!

Reader, did you ever think, that the world is God's great daguerreotype saloon, where we are all having our likenesses taken for eternity? And it is not only our looks and attitudes which will be taken, but all our thoughts and feelings will show in the picture. Anger, envy, selfishness, jealousy, unkindness, will all be faithfully and indelibly put down there by One who never covers up or flatters, but takes us exactly as we are. We can not seem better or more beautiful to His eye than we really are. When we are tempted to do wrong, or to give way to angry feelings, let us stop and ask, "How will this look in that picture of me which is to last forever?"

I am afraid if we should see faithful pictures of ourselves sometimes, the sight would often fill us with surprise and shame, as it did poor George. Remember, then, that every day you live, your likeness is being taken for eternity. Every morning when you rise from your bed, stop and think, "I am having a likeness taken to-day which is to last forever, and I must try to have it a good likeness."

☞ FEMALE PERVERSITY.—The more a woman is in love with a man, the more *check* she gives him.

☞ Even those who smoke and drink at the expense of others do so still more at their own.

Useful Receipts.

To Preserve Fruit Without Self-Sealing Cans.

Prepare a cement of one ounce resin, one ounce gum-shellac, and a cubic inch of beeswax; put them in a tin cup and melt slowly—too high or quick heat may cause it to scorch. Place the jars where they will become warm while the fruit is cooking. If they are gradually heated there is no danger of breaking.

As soon as the fruit is thoroughly heated, and while boiling hot, fill the jars full, let the juice cover the fruit entirely. Have ready some circular pieces of stout, thick cotton or linen cloth, and spread over with cement a space sufficient to cover the mouth and rim of the jar. Wipe the rim perfectly dry, and apply the cloth while warm, putting the cement side down, bring the cover over the rim and secure it firmly with a string; then spread a coating of cement over the upper surface. As the contents of the jar cool, the pressure of the air will depress the cover, and give most positive proof that all is safe.

The cheapest as well as the most suitable jars for this use (quart size) cost $1.50 per dozen. Queen's or yellow ware has imperfect glazing, and the moisture is forced through the sides of the jar. Self-sealing cans that have failed can be pressed into service; stone jars, common bottles, tin cans, and various vessels that every housekeeper has on hand can be made to answer; only be sure that the fruit is boiling hot, and the cover is properly adjusted.

Many think that sugar is essential to enable the fruit to keep. This is not so. "Berries and peaches" are better put up without it. Sugar strewn over them an hour before eating, gives them more the flavor of fresh fruit. Cook only sufficient to fill two jars at once, to avoid crushing tender berries. Pears and quinces are best cooked in water till tender, putting in as many as will cover the top of the water at one time; when clear and tender take them out, and to the water add sugar to taste; as soon as boiling hot put in the fruit, and when it is penetrated with syrup, put it in jars, and fill it up with syrup boiling hot. Seal as directed. Apples the same way, or cooked in water only, and secured. Let them be in quarters, for, if mashed, the pulp will hold so many air-bubbles it will not keep.

Grapes. Pulp and cook till the pulps are melted; strain out the seeds; put in the skins, and when well cooked, add sugar to taste. When the syrup is sufficiently thick, seal.

Cherries and Plums are put in with or without pits, as one chooses.

Tomatoes are cooked till all the lumps are dissolved, and the mass quite thick.

Sweetmeats of any kind, secured in this way, will keep for years. If required for transportation, perhaps it would be well to use close fitting corks, cut off even with the cemented cloth, otherwise corks are not necessary.

Vegetables. Squash is steamed in pieces. *Cauliflower* cooked as for the table; fill jars while the articles are hot, and fill up with boiling water; let the jars remain in a kettle of boiling water for a while to expel any air that may have lodged while filling. When no air escapes, seal up with jars in the kettle; when cool remove them.

Green Peas and Green Corn seem to possess a fermenting principle, which is not destroyed by a degree of heat sufficient to secure them apparently as well as fruit. To keep these, I have tried various methods; all fail except drying or putting in salt.

By this method of self-sealing, provision can be made in years of plenty for those times when fruit fails, and with less labor and a certainty of success that no other method possesses.—*Lady's Book.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 11, 5, 6, 2, 28, is a river in Africa.
My 26, 7, 14, 19, 3, 9, is a river in England.
My 18, 22, 30, is a river in Scotland.
My 23, 7, 24, 3, 11, 17, 4, is a river in Ireland.
My 19, 5, 13, 19, 10, is a river in the United States.
My 15, 16, 14, 8, 6, 3, is a river in Africa.
My 13, 27, 10, 5, 3, is a river in Central Europe.
My 1, 24, 6, 28, 22, is a river in Portugal.
My 9, 3, 5, 11, 3, is a river in France.
My 13, 19, 17, 25, 20, is a river in the Chinese Empire.
My 19, 3, 23, 25, 3, is a river in Central Europe.
My 16, 5, 17, 3, 3, 6, 15, 13, is a river in South America.
My 19, 10, 9, 23, 13, 25, 20, 5, is a river in the United States.
My 22, 21, 4, 3, is a river in England.
My 30, 13, 21, 11, 3, is a river in Ireland.
My 9, 5, 19, 24, 16, 21, 23, is a river in the United States.
My whole is the title of a very interesting book and the name of the author.

West Chester. R. H. WALTER.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 1, 2, 4, is a domestic animal.
My 3, 9, 5, 11, signifies to beat.
My 6, 13, 10, 11, is better than good.
My 7, 3, 6, is a vehicle.
My 8, 12, 13, is a personal pronoun.
My 13, 12, 10, 11, is welcome to the weary.
My 11, 9, 10, 4, is a great trial.
My whole is the name of one of the contributors to the Saturday Evening Post.

Philadelphia. WILLIAM T. TOTTEN.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 6, 10, 16, 23, is part of a vessel.
My 30, 18, 1, 20, 28, is another.
My 9, 26, 5, 24, 27, 4, 17, is a deadly poison.
My 15, 28, 14, is a German title of honor.
My 23, 13, 8, 2, 19, 29, is a good reflector.
My 22, 21, 30, 10, 7, surrounds Harrisburg.
My 8, 11, is an exclamation.
My 12, 11, is also an exclamation.
My whole is an inventor.

New York. Q in a corner.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st in present, but not in past.
My 2nd is in first, but not in last.
My 3rd is in come, but not in go.
My 4th is in hall, but not in snow.
My 5th is in lamb, but not in sheep.
My 6th is in lose, but not in keep.
My 7th is in land, but not in lake.
My 8th is in spade, but not in rake.
My whole is not physic, but it is "best to take."

Talbot Co., Md. AMBIDEXTER.

ANAGRAMS ON ANIMALS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Cord o' lice!	"O! rich snore!"
I part.	Mary D. Rode.
Namo dictio.	"The bees' tar!"
Laden.	O! Hu'! stop a pimp!
"No go."	Yes! a bass.
I am lam' a lord!	Pet Helen.
Ay! lung!	Linch-la'.
Rein me!	Hen-trap.
Saw eel.	Small A.

Capt. L. B. CHESTER.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a tract of land lying in the shape of a trapezium, which measures from the first to the second corner, 338 perches; from the second to the third corner, 400 perches; from the third to the fourth corner, 300 perches; from the fourth to the first corner, 260 perches: and the diagonal from the first to the third corner measures 312 perches. Somewhere within the compass of this tract there is a large oak tree, from which, if lines be drawn to the first corners of the tract, it will be divided by them into four equal parts. Required—the distance of the tree from each corner of the tract?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pennsylvania.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why does being under a stone help make the most stupid fellow a bit of a wag? Ans.—Because then he has an arch way about him.

☞ What is the difference between a pig and a policeman? Ans.—One is always on the beat and the other always off.

☞ Why is a ploughed field like [illegible] game? Ans.—Because it is *part ridges*.

☞ Why is an elephant unlike a tree? Ans.—Because a tree leaves in the spring, and the elephant leaves when the menagerie does. (Oh!)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"Our Rights and Liberties we prize, and our rights we will maintain." ENIGMA.—"The Whiskey Insurrection." CHARADE.—Scorner, corner, corn, cob, [illegible]. ENIGMA.—Highway. CHARADE.—[illegible]